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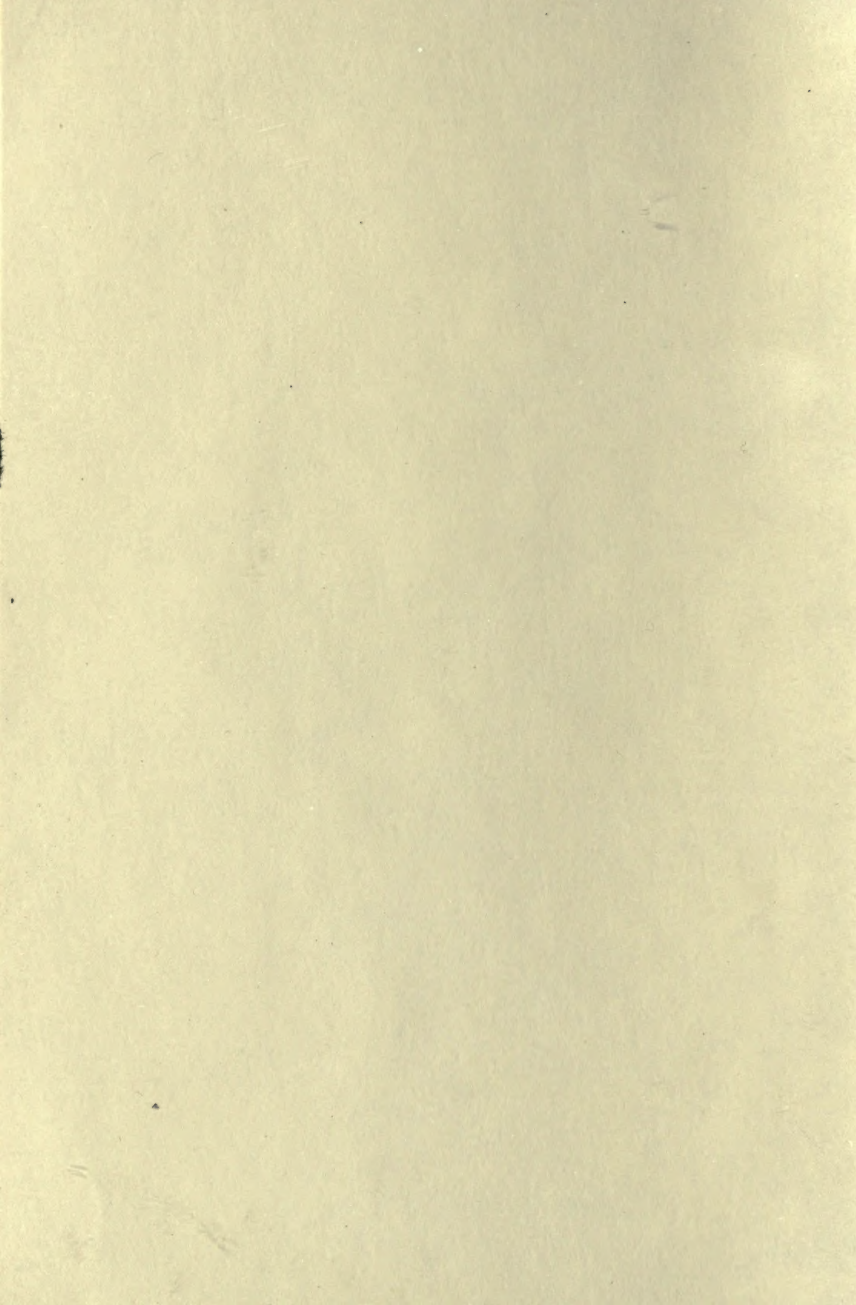
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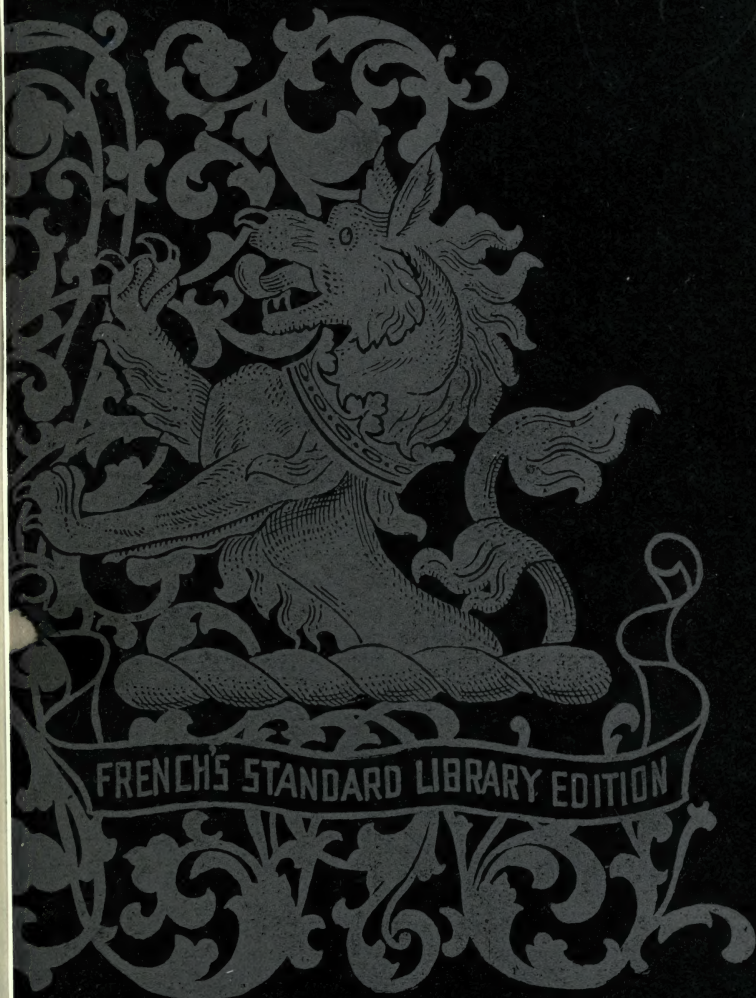


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The Earl of Pawtucket

GUSTUS THOMAS



MUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York

The Earl of Pawtucket

A Comedy in Three Acts

90

BY

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

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Act of March 4, 1909.

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PREFACE.

This preface is the fifth of a series intended to give some information upon the way of play writing; in fact, to tell all that the author knows about the art as far as the respective plays call it to mind and make it pertinent.

The four preceding prefaces have, in their order, dealt with a play written to exploit a theory; a drama written to fit a star; a comedy designed to utilize some funny experiences of the writer; and a play constructed to dramatize some biographical incidents in the life of an historic personage.

This preface is to a comedy in which a man played himself; himself in a fictitious character and in devised situations; but the character worn, and the situations resolved as he, in proper life, would have been, and would have met them. This is not an unusual relation. The parts are many in which actors simply play themselves, and there are many prominent players whose personalities, habits of thought and conduct, would make the starting points and the guiding forces in plays.

Mr. Lawrence Dorsay is such an actor. To describe him in a line, one would have to use the phrase so often applied to him by his critics: "The Ouida type of heavy guardsman." His expression is the dominant one of distinguished, opaque, English toleration, alternated with bland astonishment, not unmingled with good-nature, but always self-confident, self-sufficient, and aristocratic.

There used to be some men at the actors' club, even Englishmen—perhaps I should say especially

Englishmen—who thought that Dorsay's drawl, and his broad pronunciation were exaggerated; but I believe them genuine. I have seen him in gaiety and in grief, in deadly earnestness, even intensely sea-sick; through all, his condescension and his broad "a" abided. But there is also a very substantial side to him.

In the early eighties Mr. Clay M. Greene wrote a play for Minnie Palmer; and in its preparation and amending, travelled with the company. He used to tell a story of a young English actor in the cast, upon whom the American members liked to endeavor practical jokes. This English actor was named Lawrence Dorsay. He was tall and slight in figure; erect and elegant in carriage, and punctilious in manners and deportment. In a western mining-town, American humor thought it would be amusing to have one of the girls of a dance-hall, which the men of the company were visiting, invite Dorsay to her private apartment, and then have the big local Sheriff, with a six-shooter, burst into the parlor, and pretend to be the jealous husband. All went as planned, until the encounter, when the mild-mannered Englishman, instead of leaping through the window, as the peeping jokers expected, clinched with the Sheriff and the gun, and went to the floor with them. The gun was a loaded forty-five, and in the struggle for its possession, it described many circles. The finish of the contest was without spectators. The Sheriff did the explaining, and the author of the joke remained anonymous.

One day in the middle nineties, I was standing with Dorsay at the busy bar of the Bartholdi Hotel. Dorsay had ordered a Scotch "high-ball" and "no ice, please." When the glasses were set up, there was the usual cube of ice in each. Dorsay pushed back his glass and said, "I told you no ice, please."

The bar-keeper had been working rapidly, and was irritated; and behind that there seemed to be some pugilistic training, and a Bowery ancestry. He put both forearms on the bar, leaned forward, protruded his chin and said, "Oh, rats."

Dorsay broke off the intended remark to me, turned blandly to the bar-keeper, lifted his eyebrows in mild astonishment, copied the bar-keeper's pose exactly, and, after a leisurely pause, said most politely, "The same to you, deah chap, and many of them."

The points that I have indicated, and others, might never have inclined a dramatist to begin work with Mr. Dorsay in mind as a star; but there is one other quality that the regular playwright, which is to say one subsisting by his profession, is always on the look-out to find; that quality is personal magnetism.

In 1901 the Empire Theatre Stock Company produced H. V. Esmond's comedy "The Wilderness." In the cast in important roles were such excellent actors, since stars, as Margaret Anglin, William Courtenay, Charles Richman, Margaret Dale, Mrs. Whiffen, Mr. Crompton and others; and in a quite minor role, Lawrence Dorsay. My wife and I were watching the play from a box, and as Mr. Dorsay left the stage I noticed a movement in the parquet like a receding wave, as the audience settled back in their seats. They had moved forward in their attention in a less concerted action; but as they heard Dorsay approaching for his second scene, their interest was immediate, and the forward inclination was in unison. I called my wife's attention to the fact, and when Dorsay came on for the third time, we both noticed the peculiar response. I felt that the actor who was so welcome in such negligible material as his slight role offered, was of stellar quality.

I had an agreement at that time to write a play for Mr. Charles Froham. He had gone to London, but I cabled, asking if I might have Dorsay. Mr. Froham answered, "Yes."

This account is a rather circuitous approach to a story of "Pawtucket," but it has an importance, because Dorsay was my inspiration and my point of departure. With Dorsay definitely and graphically in mind, I began to grope for a story.

On the American stage, to get the greatest value from the man, as a kind of comic-paper Englishman of breeding, it was imperative to surround him with Americans, and give him an American background. In doing this I naturally thought of Dorsay as an Englishman, and the associated Americans amused with his speech and manner, as I had seen them amused by him in private life; but as I thought more intimately of him, I remembered that his most amusing moments were in his attempts, at times, to be ultra-American. This phase seemed only incidentally valuable until, through dwelling on it, the idea came to me to put him in a situation where he would be seriously obliged to assume it altogether. And with the inception of that idea, I had the bent and the impelling factor of my story. The construction would be along the line of discovering why an Englishman would have to pretend to be an American, and along the further line of his experiences after he began to do so.

If I were permitted to say to a dozen American and English playwrights of to-day, Pinero, Jones, Gillette, Chambers, Broadhurst, Winchell Smith, Maugham, Sheldon and so on, "What made an ultra-Englishman in America pretend to be an American? Answer promptly," they would reply in chorus, "a woman." That is the dramatist's formula, and it was mine. And the dramatists

would be agreed on the next step: "Find the woman."

We must note that Dorsay, in my mind, was to be of the nobility. Commonly that fact would predicate American heiress, socially ambitious. But to make the Englishman different from the stencil, and the woman more respectable, I decided to have a case of mutual attraction, with the personal rank and worth of each unknown to the other. Instead of a nobleman coming to America to find *a* woman, I would have him follow in search of *the* woman. This, and the woman's curiosity about, and interest in him, provide "the double enigma," one of the thirty-six dramatic situations, since defined by M. George Polti.

I don't think that in any of the preceding prefaces I have recorded that at this stage of a play's development, that is to say when I have conceived two or three of the principal personages, it has been my practice to get acquainted with them before going further. Considering a man or woman, I reason out, or dream out, his or her age, temperament, appearance, profession, possessions, politics, religion, sentimental experiences, education, college, school, birthplace, relations, parents. The text of the play may carry no direct statement of any one of these factors, but their determination in my own mind, and their setting down in writing, keep a character consistent in his behaviour and utterances; and, in my thought, give him body and displacement.

Dorsay was almost ready-made to my hand. He even provided his own wardrobe, flowered waistcoat, spats, bowler hat, long walking-stick, signet ring and all. I had only to find him a title.

I felt and reasoned that it would be piquant for the woman "Harriet" to be a grass widow who had resumed her maiden name. Under the prov-

erb, this should make her "twice shy," while at the same time it removed her from the ingenue class then being badly overworked. I had her travelling on the Continent, because, if the Earl followed her to America, she must have been where he could have seen her more than once in Europe.

It seems to be a basic principle in comedy that certain things, which though done twice are not necessarily funny, are extremely so if done a third time or oftener. For example: a "catch line" only noticeable on its second utterance, may be very characteristic and mirth-compelling when repeated.

I decided that the Earl should have seen Harriet at least three times before crossing the Atlantic, in order to meet her again.

One item of national importance in Dorsay's personal knowledge was the fact that "One can't take a dog into England without a permit." For all I know, that may be a regulation in the United States, or Peru, but I have found it of heroic proportion in the estimation of many Englishmen. I mentally saw Harriet with a pet dog on a Channel steamer, and embarrassed by this rule. That was the first time that she and the Earl met—in my fancy. I logically enforced an earlier encounter under serio-comic conditions in a little Hotel I remembered on the rue de Rivoli, and a third meeting in London.

Let me here recount and apply a short experience of my own. I am conscious of the detached and disconnected effect these stories produce in a preface, but I accept the effect and incorporate it, because play-writing is less by rigid rule than it is by easy association; and I shall confer a benefit if I can impress any intending dramatist with the value of remembering the casual happenings in his own experience.

I didn't go up in the Ferris wheel at the Chicago

World's Fair in 1893 because I dramatized the wheel sticking when *my* car should reach the top of the turn. In 1899 I said so to Maurice Barrymore as we stood looking at the same wheel transported to, and set up at Earl's Court, London.

"Well, the thing has stuck twice since it's been *here*," said Barry, "one time for twenty-four hours."

A policeman who was standing by took up the story, and told us how a sailorman climbed to the cars with coffee and sandwiches for the imprisoned patrons.

"A lot of good stories," he added, smiling, "fellows with other fellows' wives and all that sort of thing."

I expressed my yokel astonishment as to how the sailorman could have managed it, up to the topmost cars. The bobby's tolerant answer "set" the story in my mind for all time.

"Well you see, sir, 'is mother'd taught 'im to 'old on good and 'ard, and 'e did."

Of course the incidents of Earl's Court, the Channel steamer, and the Paris Hotel would be background in my play. Economy of scenery, economy of time, economy of attention, all dictated that; and the Englishman-in-America idea enforced an American setting.

Without studying over it profoundly, I think it is safe to say that the liveliest plays are those whose action is supposed to be in the smallest period of time.

I kept that fact in view. Mentally, I now had the Earl and Harriet in America, and about to meet again. Harriet was under the protection of her father. I had "Father" all figured out and defined. Vaguely I meant to use him as opposition, the conflicting force, without which drama does not exist; but Father wasn't enough; so I invented Senator

Barker as a suitor for Harriet. I saw him as an old friend of the family, familiar with her history; and his addition to the cast gave, in my thinking, a warm and intimate and cushioned side to her story. At first I thought of the divorced husband, repentant and solicitous. I dismissed that attitude on his part, but I couldn't dismiss him. He was a menacing figure in the American background. I therefore banished him to Europe. I made him the prototype of some wastrel expatriates I knew over there, and he was quiet for a while in his trans-Atlantic exile.

My Earl put up incognito at the Waldorf, and I had Harriet and her father there also just visiting after their return from abroad. The Senator was up from Washington. The Earl was arranging an introduction to Harriet through mutual friends I was inventing; and it became necessary to have an American name for him. The most natural question after introduction would be "Are you related to the—my friends of that name in Boston or Pawtucket or where not?" an embarrassing question, provocative of embarrassing inventions to a masquerader, and thereby a promising element. Why not the accidental choice of a name that should be the *most* embarrassing possible? What would that name be? Harriet was again using her father's name. Why not have the Earl accidentally get the name of her divorced husband, which might be a very common one? I reasoned "too farcical a coincidence." But why coincidence? Why accident? Why not by design or pre-arrangement? What simpler than the name suggested to the Earl by some practical joker, such as always appeared in a Dorsay neighborhood? And in that event, some unusual and striking name. But what joker? What motive? And so, slowly, I backed squarely into the divorced husband, Montgomery Putnam.

I have, in several of the other prefaces, remarked, in the evolution of a plot, the appearance of this solvent of a difficulty, or this master-key to some dead-lock. Here was another example of it. As one critic said, Montgomery Putnam himself, not in the cast, was the most amusing person in the story; and the critic longed to make his acquaintance.

This original Montgomery Putnam was a great find for me. He equipped my Earl, about to visit America, with a note-book full of useful names—persons that would not detect the imposture, because Putnam had lived so much of his life abroad. He gave me his sisters, Jane and Sarah; and Sarah's daughter, Ella. Jane brought in Hooper; and Ella suggested her young man Arthur; and her father, Mr. Seaford. Putnam's being divorced, and his staying in Europe suggested alimony in New York—alimony accumulating, and carrying with it contempt of court. It was a wonderful mess to bring a clean and serious and chivalrous and unsuspecting Englishman into; and it all lent itself to rapid complication and explosion, perfectly suited to the orderly events of one cumulative day. From that standpoint, and with that prospect, my next step was to jump at once to the most serious complication that the Earl's deception and the antagonism of all persons affected by it, could produce; a situation wherein Harriet's father, the Senator, Jane, Hooper, Ella, Ella's father, Arthur, and the State of New York should all be arrayed against him; and, finding that situation, make it the end of my second act, with the process of extrication serving as the third act. A logical arrangement of events leading to the situation would be ground plan for acts one and two.

To enumerate these events would be to re-write, tiresomely, the play. This exposition of the ap-

proach to them is all that is needed to make the play's anatomy interesting to those technically inclined.

When my story was well in hand, my newspaper training impelled me to familiarize myself with the proposed scenes of it—the three locations in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Reporter-like, I stated my project to the business manager of the Hotel, and met a most chilling and discouraging reception. The hotel could lend itself to no enterprise of that kind. So, two days later I drove to the hotel in a cab with my wife and with a trunk and valises. The room-clerk had us shown several rooms and suites. I chose the one I thought suited to the Earl. The rate, without meals, was forty dollars a day. We stopped only one day, but the forty dollars put into my comedy the incidents of the floor-waiter, and the lunch of act two; the physical relation of rooms implied and indicated in that set; the outlook onto Fifth Avenue; and the little touches of clock and boot-box, that helped lend reality when done, and sharpened my conceptions in the doing. Our breakfast in the palm-room, and afternoon coffee in the Turkish room enabled me to make drawings that served the scenic artists when we came to prepare the production.

My comedy was done by the time Mr. Frohman came back from London; but my cable for Dorsay had meant to him only the engagement of a minor character. He was warm in his approval of the play, but he declined to risk Dorsay as the star. I could see no other exponent. Mr. Frohman generously released Dorsay, and under the management of Mr. Kirke La Shelle, Dorsay starred in the play three years, and at the end of that time returned to Mr. Frohman to star in another play.

THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET.

First produced at the Madison Square Theater,
New York, February 5th, 1903, with the following
cast:

CHARACTERS IN THEIR ORDER OF AP- PEARANCE.

HEADWAITER.	<i>Wilbur Hudson</i>
HENRY.	<i>H. H. Sleight</i>
CONRAD.	<i>Alfred Mayo</i>
PAUL.	<i>J. Wilberforce Thompson</i>
MR. FORDYCE.	<i>Charles W. Stokes</i>
SENATOR BARKER.	<i>Robert McWade</i>
LORD CARDINGTON.	<i>Lawrence D'Orsay</i>
PAGE.	<i>James Gardner</i>
HARRIET FORDYCE.	<i>Elizabeth Tyree</i>
MISS JANE PUTNAM.	<i>Louise Sydmeth</i>
ELLA SEAFORD.	<i>Jane Van Buskirk</i>
MR. SEAFORD.	<i>John W. Paul</i>
ARTHUR WEATHERBEE.	<i>John W. Dean</i>
WILKINS.	<i>Ernest Elton</i>
MR. SILAS HOOPER.	<i>James Ottley</i>
MR. DUFFIELD.	<i>Frederick Hawthorne</i>
HALLWAITER.	<i>Frederick Hawthorne</i>
CRENNAN.	<i>Wilbur Hudson</i>

The Earl of Pawtucket

ACT I.

SCENE:—*A corner of the Palm-room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The walls running up obliquely from the proscenium arch meet and make a right-angle at right center back. Down front in the right wall is a large arch leading presumably to the corridor of the hotel—In left wall at front, swinging baize doors lead to service quarters. The rest of the left wall is of large windows looking to Fifth avenue, and below their half-raised shirred curtains is a glimpse of the avenue.*

As near the curtain line as possible and a trifle right of center is a round table to serve four. Smaller tables are at back, right and left, and another is still further front at left with two chairs. The room is dressed with palms in tubs.

At rise Waiters No. I and II are discovered R. and L. up-stage. HEADWAITER enters R. 2 and crosses L. He signals to an omnibus waiter who enters L. 2. HEADWAITER turns to C. to meet FORDYCE and SENATOR BARKER, now entering R. 2. SENATOR has newspaper, FORDYCE has unopened mail. FORDYCE is the well-fed competent business man of the Middle West. The SENATOR is smaller and with hair and whiskers; not a statesman but a representative of the interests. During this time "OMNIBUS"

has removed dishes from service table c. and has made his exit L. HEADWAITER indicates table D. L.

FORDYCE. (*To HEADWAITER*) Can't we sit here? (*Indicating table c.*)

HEADWAITER. Certainly, sir. Two? (*HEADWAITER puts a chair for SENATOR L. 2ND WAITER seats FORDYCE R. of table c*)

FORDYCE. (*Sitting*) Three.

SENATOR. (*Sitting L of table*) No, I don't wish anything.

FORDYCE. (*Persuasively*) Some fruit?

(*2ND WAITER back of table.*)

SENATOR. (*Positively*) Nothing. I had a cup of hot water on the train.

(*HEADWAITER crosses to table D. L. and secures menu card.*)

FORDYCE. Hot water?

SENATOR. Nothing like it. Warms the stomach, prompts the circulation, doesn't burden the brain. (*Opens paper and reads*)

FORDYCE. (*To HEADWAITER*) Well, I'll have some provisions.

(*HEADWAITER crosses. Takes pad from 2ND WAITER, who retires L.*)

HEADWAITER. (*Attentively*) Yes, sir!

FORDYCE. And—young lady, my daughter, will join me. (*HEADWAITER bows. FORDYCE adjusts glasses*) Gimme a programme! (*HEADWAITER hands menu, and stands at attention with order blank. FORDYCE scanning card—mumbles*) Shell fish, vegetables. Where's your fruit?

HEADWAITER. There, sir. (HEADWAITER goes R. below table to take order)

FORDYCE. Oh, yes—'M—(Removes glasses) Some grape fruit, Senator?

SENATOR. Nothing, really.

FORDYCE. (Persuading) They scoop it out here and put some sort of cologne or hair tonic on it.

SENATOR. No, no, believe me.

FORDYCE. (Resuming glasses) Well, bring two of them for me and the young lady.

HEADWAITER. Two grape fruits.—Yes, sir?

FORDYCE. Then, coffee and rolls, and— (Pauses and removes glasses) What's the matter with the butter you've got here?

HEADWAITER. Butter?

FORDYCE. Yes. No taste to it. I want American butter with salt in it. (HEADWAITER bows to FORDYCE) All over Europe you get that tasteless fresh butter. I'd as lief have vaseline; and why a big hotel like the Waldorf-Astoria—

HEADWAITER. (With superior smile) We have salt butter also.

FORDYCE. Well, bring it. (Adjusts glasses)

HEADWAITER. Yes, sir! (Writes)

FORDYCE. Then give me an omelette—Spanish omelette.

HEADWAITER. (Repeating and writing) Spanish omelette.

FORDYCE. Single order of potatoes, hash brown—

HEADWAITER. Hash brown, potatoes—

FORDYCE. (With finality) Then I want a piece of rhubarb pie.

HEADWAITER. (Placidly) Rhubarb pie.

(The SENATOR has been looking at newspaper, turns in astonishment.)

FORDYCE. (Defiantly, as if replying to SENATOR'S

look) *Rhubarb pie!* Oh, I don't care. I was born and lived in Vermont till I was fourteen. (To HEADWAITER) That's all. (HEADWAITER bows and turns to 2ND WAITER with order, walks L. explaining to him) Harriet thinks it's disgusting, but when we're late to breakfast and alone, I have my pie.

2ND WAITER. (L. R. Reads) Rhubarb pie?

HEADWAITER. Yes. (2ND WAITER turns and regards FORDYCE) Go on! (Exit 2ND WAITER. HEADWAITER regarding CARDINGTON) Again? He's had coffee twice already. (Spoken as CARDINGTON is about to enter. Enter LORD CARRINGTON, newspaper in hand, crosses to table L. He is the heavy guardsman type with monocle and moustachios. HEADWAITER crosses after CARDINGTON)

SENATOR. (To FORDYCE who regards CARDINGTON) What is it?

FORDYCE. My eyes are so bad, and these are my reading glasses— (Opens letter. SENATOR resumes paper. HEADWAITER seats CARDINGTON R. of table down left and then stands above table awaiting order)

CARDINGTON. Coffee.

HEADWAITER. Yes, sir. And rolls?

CARDINGTON. No, hang it, coffee—demi-tasse!

HEADWAITER. Yes, sir. (Signals and meets 1ST WAITER. Exit 1ST WAITER L. CARDINGTON takes newspaper, but regards FORDYCE over it—HEADWAITER retires up center)

FORDYCE. You don't mind my opening my mail.

SENATOR. Not at all. Go ahead!

FORDYCE. I like to get through with 'em before Harriet comes, though she always says "don't mind her."

SENATOR. (Immediately interested and putting paper aside) Still grieving? (Sympathetically. FORDYCE nods sadly. SENATOR sighs)

FORDYCE. (*Suddenly and laying aside glasses*) We talk about *law*. What can the *law* do for *her*? (*SENATOR shakes his head—Pause, while FORDYCE opens letters*) I'm her father. (*Pause*) I know. (*Returns to mail. SENATOR turns to him inquiringly then resumes paper*) This damned scoundrel's off in Europe, enjoying himself, while Harriet smiles and smiles, and lets nobody know her heart is broken—broken— (*SENATOR runs fingers through hair. FORDYCE resumes mail*)

SENATOR. (*Pause. Reflectively*) There's so much going on in Washington, *all the time*—

FORDYCE. (*Pathetically*) I know there is. I'd like to see her do *anything* to get her mind off of it.

SENATOR. (*Pause*) There's Chauncey Depew— (*Pause*) Now I'm fifteen years younger than Depew—and—

FORDYCE. I told Harriet twenty.

(*SENATOR runs his hand through his hair.*)

SENATOR. (*Nodding*) She knows I'm *here*?

(*Enter "OMNIBUS" with plates and napkins for c. table.*)

FORDYCE. (*Nodding*) I told her you'd ridden from Washington all night *to be with her here* at breakfast. (*Pause*) What's the matter with a three minutes' egg?

(*SENATOR shaking head and touching stomach.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Aside*) I wonder if *she's* coming?

SENATOR. (*Pause*) You see, one trouble is—that you give her nearly everything a woman can desire.

FORDYCE. Well, why not? Man's *only* child—no mother——

SENATOR. (*Heartily*) Bless your heart, Judge, if you *didn't* do it, I'd never speak to you on the street. I'm only saying a *poor* girl'd be attracted by what men like me could give her.

FORDYCE. Naturally.

SENATOR. If she'd never *been* married, let us say——

FORDYCE. That's also true. I see *that*.

SENATOR. Sometimes—(*Pause*) Er—the mere novelty of it— (*Resumes paper*)

FORDYCE. But, my dear Senator, you keep overlooking the main point—I think she still *likes* this fellow.

SENATOR. Then why did she get a divorce?

FORDYCE. Why, pride, damn it.

(*Enter* 1ST WAITER *with coffee for* CARDINGTON.)

SENATOR. Pride? You don't mean she *wanted* those pictures in the newspapers?

(*OMNIBUS enters. Business at c. table. Fills glasses with water. Puts menu card on table up-stage.*)

FORDYCE. (*Half-disgusted laugh*) I mean the fellow's *neglect* stung her *pride*. A girl like Harriet won't play second fiddle, husband or, no husband.

SENATOR. I see. (*Resumes paper*)

CARDINGTON. How many has that party ordered breakfast for?

1ST WAITER. (*Regarding table*) Places for two, sir.

CARDINGTON. (*Disappointed*) Only two?

1ST WAITER. Yes, sir.

CARDINGTON. Only two? You don't happen to

know their names? (WAITER *shakes head*) Bill, please?

1ST WAITER. (*Turns up*) Yes, sir.

CARDINGTON. (*Aside*) I can't be mistaken in the old chap. I suppose the girl's having breakfast in her room.

(WAITER *gives him check.*)

SENATOR. I'd like Harriet to hear my speech Monday, just happen in, as it were, you and she——

FORDYCE. Senate?

SENATOR. Yes.

(CARDINGTON *rises, gives WAITER a tip.*)

1ST WAITER. Coming back, sir?

CARDINGTON. No.

1ST WAITER. Isn't the coffee right, sir?

CARDINGTON. Perfectly, I only wanted a smell of it.

(*Crosses R. and exits. 1ST WAITER looks after him, as he goes, then smells the coffee himself—Exit L.*)

PAGE BOY. (*Heard off L.*) Telegram for Montgomery Putnam. (*Enter PAGE L., crosses R. with telegram on salver, calling*) Telegram for Montgomery Putnam!

(SENATOR and FORDYCE *start.*)

PAGE BOY. (*Going R., calls*) Telegram for Montgomery Putnam.

FORDYCE. (*Rising*) Let me see that. (*Takes telegram*) Montgomery Putnam, Waldorf-Astoria.

PAGE BOY. You Mr. Putnam, sir?

FORDYCE. Not by a damn sight! (*To envelope*)
What's that mean? 354 with a ring around it?

PAGE BOY. Room, sir.

FORDYCE. Take it.

PAGE BOY. Yes, sir. (*Goes—calls*) Telegram
for Montgomery Putnam! (*Exit PAGE R., calling*)

(*FORDYCE sits—glares at SENATOR. "OMNIBUS"*
exit with CARDINGTON'S dishes.)

SENATOR. (*Fatefully*) New York!

FORDYCE. This Hotel.

SENATOR. She know it?

FORDYCE. 'Course not. (*Pause*) *We've got to
get out!*

SENATOR. Then why *not* Washington?

FORDYCE. When's the train go?

(*Enter 2ND WAITER—Brings on grape fruit, etc.*)

SENATOR. (*Rises. Goes to door R.*) Every
hour or so—any time.

FORDYCE. All right—(*Jumps up and starts to go
to door R.*)

2ND WAITER. Grape fruit, sir? *FORDYCE looks
at SENATOR—Pause. WAITER arranges plates, etc.,
on table. Puts grape fruit on table in front of
HARRIET'S plate. Finger bowl each side of table*)

SENATOR. Got to have her breakfast, I suppose.

FORDYCE. Send it to the room.

(*Enter 1ST WAITER. Stands up L.*)

2ND WAITER. (c) Yes, sir, what number?
(*Takes up grape fruit*)

SENATOR. (*Who is near the door. Quickly*)
She's here, Fordyce!

FORDYCE. (*Alarmed*) Harriet?

(*Enter HARRIET.*)

SENATOR. Yes.

(*FORDYCE turns.*)

HARRIET. (*Gaily*) Why, Senator, what an agreeable surprise!

SENATOR. (*Unctuously*) Well, well! Left Washington at midnight.

(*They shake hands and laugh.*)

2ND WAITER. (*Holding grape fruit above table*) What room, sir?

FORDYCE. (*Fiercely, turning*) Put it down! Keep still!

FORDYCE. (*With watch*) My dear, it's after ten. Besides, the Senator wants to take us to Washington.

HARRIET. (*Astonished*) Why?

FORDYCE. He's got a speech to make in the——

SENATOR. Nonsense! That's a mere interruption to the general plan.

FORDYCE. Of course, but Harriet'd enjoy——

HARRIET. (*Sitting at upper side of table*) What is the *general* plan?

SENATOR. Er—a—we'll explain that on the train. (*Sits*)

HARRIET. But—is it so urgent? You know Friday night, papa, we've invited the Kembles——

FORDYCE. (*Sitting*) Certainly. Come back for that. You know—come back in five hours. What's that? Pooh! (*Assumes the breezy manner*)

HARRIET. Oh, then your general plan's only for to-morrow and Thursday?

FORDYCE. (*Eagerly*) Exactly.

SENATOR. (*Easily*) Not at all. Oh—days—
and—(*Pause*) days——

HARRIET. But——

FORDYCE. (*With fateful calm*) My dear Harriet, wait until we get on the train. Eat your grape fruit, my dear. Train leaves at noon, and take our word for it. We never deceived you, did we? The Senator and I?

HARRIET. (*Smiling at his earnestness*) Deceived me?

SENATOR. (*Trying to reach FORDYCE with his foot*) Ha! Ha! Ha! (*HARRIET looks at SENATOR*) He will have his joke, you know. Ha! Ha!

(*HEADWAITER appears R., preceding AUNT JANE.*

HARRIET turns to her father and sees JANE outside—her face changes seriously.)

HARRIET. Oh!

FORDYCE. What is it? (*Follows her gaze*)

SENATOR. What? Who?

HARRIET. (*In awed whisper*) Aunt Jane!

(*Enter JANE, conducted by HEADWAITER. JANE is positive, fairly fat and in the roaring forties.*)

SENATOR. (*After look at JANE*) The lady?

(*FORDYCE nods—JANE sits L. of table up-stage.*)

SENATOR. Who is she?

HARRIET. (*Still whispering*) Miss Jane Putnam, Montgomery Putnam's elder sister.

(*HEADWAITER signals 1ST WAITER who attends JANE. HEADWAITER exit R.*)

SENATOR. Sister. You call her "Aunt Jane."

HARRIET. All the family call her "*Aunt Jane*."
She's so fond of her niece—her sister's child.

SENATOR. I see.

HARRIET. What shall I do, papa?

FORDYCE. Do?

(JANE puts on her glasses.)

HARRIET. Aunt Jane was always so sweet to me.

FORDYCE. (*With bombast*) Do? Why, do nothing! She's nothing to us. (JANE, who has caught FORDYCE'S eye, bows. FORDYCE bows and grins)

HARRIET. (*Under her breath*) She sees us?

(JANE rises. HARRIET turns and rises. SENATOR rises and stands L. of C.)

HARRIET. Why, Miss—Aunt Jane—I'm so glad.

JANE. (*Impulsively*) Harriet, you dear thing!

(They kiss and embrace.)

FORDYCE. (*To SENATOR*) They're off!

JANE. How well you look, dear. I never saw you—and Mr. Fordyce——

FORDYCE. Miss Putnam. (*Offering to shake hands*)

JANE. Nonsense. (*Withholding her hand*) You'll call me Aunt Jane, just as you always did. (*Then shaking hands with FORDYCE*) Montgomery shan't drive my friends away—no, indeed!

FORDYCE. Thank you, Aunt Jane. Nor mine, I hope.

HARRIET. Aunt Jane, may I introduce Senator Barker, Miss Putnam?

(SENATOR bows. Enter HEADWAITER R.)

JANE. (*Crossing to him*) Senator Barker! (*Shakes hands—looks at him carefully through glasses*) My, how those comic-papers do exaggerate our public men!

(*SENATOR smiles and bows. Goes up-stage, crosses to R. behind table. CARDINGTON re-enters with great manner, but unnoticed. Crosses to his table L. HEADWAITER seats him left of table L. Holds menu card. Waits for him to speak.*)

HARRIET. (*Back of table*) Won't you sit with us, Aunt Jane?

JANE. Just a moment. (*Sits L. of table in SENATOR'S chair*)

(*HARRIET resumes her place. FORDYCE places his own chair R. C. for SENATOR. FORDYCE brings another chair forward and sits R. of table.*)

FORDYCE. Well, this is quite an unexpected pleasure.

JANE. Isn't it? I thought you were in Europe. Where is my waiter? (*Signals 1ST WAITER, who comes down L. of JANE*)

HARRIET. We returned on the Wilhelm der Grosse last week.

JANE. (*To WAITER*) What have you written? (*To others*) Excuse me!

1ST WAITER. Large pot of coffee and rolls.

JANE. And lamb chops—that's all.

1ST WAITER. Serve for two?

JANE. Two, yes. (*1ST WAITER goes*)

CARDINGTON. (*Drawling*) Coffee!

HEADWAITER. Coffee—yes sir. (*Exit L. door. Returns in a moment and goes c.*)

JANE. Ella's with me.

HARRIET. (*Delighted*) Ella!

FORDYCE. (*Explaining to SENATOR*) Miss Seaford of Cleveland. Seaford's in Street Railroads.

JANE. Yes, her mother, my sister Sarah, couldn't come, so I offered to chaperone Ella. Besides I've more influence with Montgomery than the rest of the family has.

HARRIET. (*Alarmed*) Montgomery!

(FORDYCE *yearns toward* HARRIET)

JANE. Yes. (*To SENATOR*) My father tied up every penny he left to any of us, so that we can't spend a cent of it without consulting my brother Montgomery. (*To HARRIET*) Why, yes, Ella's going to be married, and of course we must have Montgomery's consent. He's stopping in the hotel, here and——

(2ND WAITER *enters with coffee service, rolls and pie. Stands c.*)

HARRIET. (*Rising*) Here!

(FORDYCE *goes to* HARRIET. SENATOR *goes up-stage respectfully.* JANE *rises.*)

FORDYCE. I couldn't tell you, dear.

HARRIET. Here! Papa! (*Turns aimlessly, meets CARDINGTON's gaze. Her face lights. She smiles pleasantly, bows. CARDINGTON rises, bowing*)

FORDYCE. My darling.

HARRIET. (*Dazed*) I think I will go to my room.

FORDYCE. Yes. (*Starts R. with HARRIET*)

2ND WAITER. Breakfast, sir? (*At table with coffee and rolls*)

FORDYCE. (*Angrily*) I don't know.

(*FORDYCE and HARRIET exeunt. SENATOR comes down. JANE is L. of table.*)

SENATOR. (*To JANE, indicating direction HARRIET has gone*) Her heart is broken.

(*2ND WAITER turns, looks after HARRIET sympathetically. HEADWAITER corrects him by a snap of the fingers.*)

(*2ND WAITER places coffee service on table and takes grape fruit and finger-bowls to side table. Then puts fresh plates at places. Arranges knives and forks and—exit. NOTE:—This is done quickly and before the SENATOR speaks.*)

SENATOR. And she's an angel, madam.

JANE. She is an angel. We don't differ about that, you and I. Sit down. (*Sits. SENATOR with dignity adjusts his own chair and sits. CARDINGTON crosses to R.*)

(*Enter 1ST WAITER with coffee.*)

HEADWAITER. Coffee, sir? (*Calling after CARDINGTON*)

CARDINGTON. (*Angrily and impressively*) No! (*Exit*)

(*HEADWAITER and 1ST WAITER look after him. 1ST WAITER turns to HEADWAITER helplessly.*)

HEADWAITER. Take it back! Keep it warm. He'll be back again, presently. That's four times.

(*1ST WAITER exit I L.*)

SENATOR. And your brother's a brute, Miss Putnam, a brute!

JANE. My dear Senator Barker— (*Pauses, adjusts glasses*) All men are brutes.

(*Enter OMNIBUS door L.—trims JANE's table up-stage. Exit 2ND WAITER door L.*)

SENATOR. (*Pause*) At your brother's age, perhaps they are.

JANE. (*Pointedly*) Yes, and even when they're old enough to be my brother's father.

SENATOR. That might include your own father, remember.

JANE. That *does* include my own father, and don't you forget it.

(*HEADWAITER goes and stands near door R.*)

SENATOR. (*Sitting back and smiling*) Then I don't see why I should hope to escape.

JANE. Nor I. (*Pause*) As for my father, could anything be more brutal than his leaving every penny dependent upon my brother's approval? If I wish to buy a summer cottage—my brother's approval? My sister Sarah wishes to give her only daughter a suitable wedding gift; a house on Euclid Avenue—my brother's approval. Are we *criminals*, or *insane*—we women?

SENATOR. (*Regarding her steadily*) Well—er—I never met your sister.

JANE. Ever met Montgomery, my brother?

SENATOR. I never did.

JANE. 'M— Well, my sister's as far his superior—as I am. He should have been left in *our* care. (*Exit OMNIBUS door L.*) My sister—well, here comes her daughter—you may judge by her— (*SENATOR turns*),

(Enter ELLA. *She is the typical mid-western ingenuë.*)

JANE. Ella, come here, my dear! (SENATOR rises—JANE rises)

JANE. I want you to know Senator Barker.

ELLA. Senator. (*Smiling and offering her hand*)

SENATOR. (*Taking ELLA's hand*) Miss—

JANE. Miss Seaford, of Cleveland. SENATOR bows, shaking hands) My sister Sarah's child. (SENATOR starts to arrange chair) No, our table's there. Senator Barker, my dear, is the Senator that Puck and Judge always make with so much hair, and that card on his breast with "me too" on it.

(HEADWAITER stands attentively by table up L. C.)

ELLA. (*With recognition*) Oh, I thought I'd seen him somewhere.

SENATOR. I never said "me too" in all my political career.

JANE. (*To ELLA, crossing to her*) You understand, my dear, the correct expression would be "I also." (SENATOR looks at JANE. Enter FORDYCE R.) Mr. Fordyce, Ella. (ELLA turns)

FORDYCE. (*Shaking hands*) Why, Ella. I'm so glad to see you. Your aunt tells me—

ELLA. How's Harriet?

FORDYCE. Well— (*Looks to others—ELLA puzzled*)

JANE. (*Crossing to FORDYCE*) Where'd you leave her?

FORDYCE. Her room. I guess we'll have our breakfast there.

JANE. Nonsense! I'll protect her from Mont-

gomery Putnam. Let him eat in *his* room, if anybody's to be caged. You sit right down to your breakfast, and I'll fetch Harriet back. (*Going R.*) What room?

FORDYCE. (*Tentatively*) 365—third floor—

JANE. (*Indicating table up L. C.*) That's our table, dear. (*Exit R.*)

FORDYCE. (*Going to table c.*) Won't you sit with us, Miss Ella?

ELLA. (*Smiling*) Well, I guess I'll mind Auntie. (*Goes up to table. HEADWAITER seats her L. of table. FORDYCE bows—sits R. of table down c. SENATOR sits L. of table in his proper chair. HEADWAITER pours water for ELLA.*)

SENATOR. Well——

(*HEADWAITER exit R. I.*)

FORDYCE. Oh, you know, Harriet—pulled herself together in the elevator. Marvel—that girl!

SENATOR. I thought *he* was in Europe.

FORDYCE. (*Angrily*) He was, when we left. (*Pause*) Hell, ain't it?

SENATOR. (*Nods*) Yes, and I don't see—this old lady helps any.

FORDYCE. (*Indignantly*) He's just come back here to annoy Harriet—that's all.

SENATOR. Think so?

FORDYCE. I know it. Besides, he's no right here. Two warrants out for him.

SENATOR. Warrants?

FORDYCE. Certainly.

SENATOR. For what?

FORDYCE. Alimony.

SENATOR. Alimony! He pay Harriet alimony.

FORDYCE. No, but he ought to—Court's order. He's five thousand dollars in contempt now. He hasn't dared to show his face in the state for six

months. That's why I thought we were safe *here*.

SENATOR. (*Regarding watch*) Well,—we'll get out at twelve.

FORDYCE. (*Wearily*) No! She's changed her mind.

SENATOR. Harriet?

FORDYCE. Yes, she wants to *stay* here now.

SENATOR. Why?

FORDYCE. Don't know. She just giggles and half cries, and then laughs again. Kind of hysterics.

SENATOR. (*Giving it up*) Older I get—less I understand women.

FORDYCE. Me, too! (*SENATOR gives him sharp, quiet look. Pause*) Senator—I don't dare trust myself to meet this fellow.

SENATOR. Why should you meet him?

FORDYCE. *Somebody* should ask him to keep away from us—Harriet and me.

SENATOR. Well, if there are warrants out for him—

(*Enter 2ND WAITER door L., with omelette and potatoes. Enter 1ST WAITER door L.*)

FORDYCE. And there are.

SENATOR. (*Staring off R.*) She's coming back again. (*Rises*)

FORDYCE. (*Turning*) Harriet! (*Rises—turns back again*) Not a word to her.

(*Enter HARRIET and JANE.*)

FORDYCE. See how she bears up.

JANE. Ella!

(*FORDYCE crosses to the SENATOR, who is L. C.*)

ELLA. (*Rising and greeting HARRIET at R. of C. above table*) Harriet!

HARRIET. Ella—you dear thing.

(*They kiss effusively.*)

ELLA. (*Coquettishly*) Aunt Jane told you, I s'pose.

HARRIET. Yes. He's nice, of course?

(*They flutter.*)

FORDYCE. I can't stand it, Senator, I can't stand it.

SENATOR. Stand what?

FORDYCE. That girl's bravery. Hits me right here. (*Strikes his breast. To 2ND WAITER who stands behind table, holding omelette*) Put that stuff on the table.

2ND WAITER. Yes, sir. (*Gets busy*)

FORDYCE. I'll just bolt something and pretend we have business together.

SENATOR. Well, we have. Your attorneys.

FORDYCE. Sh—h—h!

HARRIET. (*Arranging with JANE and ELLA*) Oh, my breakfast is right here. Shan't have to wait.

(*WAITER draws chair for HARRIET and seats her.*)

JANE. Well, here's ours, too, I guess.

(*The ladies giggle and disperse—1ST WAITER enters with JANE'S breakfast. ELLA and JANE sit up-stage. HARRIET takes seat with FORDYCE and SENATOR. FORDYCE serves her plate.*)

HARRIET. (*Sitting*) There's a sweet old maid, Senator, if there ever was one.

SENATOR. (*Assenting rather grimly*) We had a—*little chat* together.

HARRIET. (*To 2ND WAITER about to pour coffee at her left*) I'll do that, thank you.

2ND WAITER. (*Bowing*) Pardon! (*Hurries around and, much to FORDYCE'S annoyance, takes plate FORDYCE is trying to pass; places it at HARRIET'S left*)

HARRIET. You'll have a cup of coffee, Senator?

SENATOR. Not even that, thank you.

HARRIET. Father?

FORDYCE. (*Who is about to take coffee cup himself*) If you please, dear. (*WAITER takes cup from HARRIET—passes around to FORDYCE'S R. and places cup on table*) I don't like too much help, Senator. (*To 2ND WAITER, now on FORDYCE'S R.*) Gimme my pie! (*SENATOR lifts his brows*) Some men have a man to button their shirt collars, but I'm not *paralyzed*.

(*2ND WAITER takes empty chair at R., which FORDYCE brought for the SENATOR, and replaces it at table up c. Goes to tray—serves pie to FORDYCE at his L.*)

HARRIET. But, father, your breakfast?

FORDYCE. No appetite, dear. I couldn't eat anything but this. (*Indicates pie*)

HARRIET. You said you were very hungry this morning.

FORDYCE. Well, I was, some—but—but—the Senator's had some news, that took my mind off it. (*HARRIET turns to SENATOR and FORDYCE signals him*)

HARRIET. (*To SENATOR*) News? Tell it to me.

SENATOR. (*Helplessly*) Oh, well—I—it's politics, pure and simple.

HARRIET. (*Smiling*) 'M—I knew *politics* were pure, but to find they are also simple.

SENATOR. (*With over appreciation*) Ha, ha, ha! Oh, Miss Harriet, I'm afraid you're too wise for a young woman.

(FORDYCE *pantomimes that her bravery is breaking his heart.* HARRIET *turns and observes him.*)

HARRIET. What is it?

FORDYCE. Nothing, my dear. (*Lying*) The pie.

2ND WAITER. (*Apprehensively, coming forward*) The pie, sir?

FORDYCE. (*Completely changed manner*) Who the devil said anything to you?

2ND WAITER. Beg pardon, sir! (*Retires*)

HARRIET. Father—the man's only trying to anticipate your wishes.

FORDYCE. But, I don't want my wishes *anticipated*. (*Looks to SENATOR, who turns away and chokes down his emotion*) Let's go, Senator! Excuse me, dearie! (*Pushes back chair*)

HARRIET. Why, yes, but——

2ND WAITER. Finger-bowl, sir?

FORDYCE. (*Rising*) No! (*To HARRIET*) Sign for this; and here's a quarter, for this *Pinkerton detective*. (*Puts coin by HARRIET'S plate.* 2ND WAITER *bows in gratitude*—FORDYCE *goes R.* WAITER *puts chair back. Retires up-stage*)

SENATOR. (*Rising*) And the trip to Washington?

HARRIET. Oh, Senator—it—it's so pleasant here just now, and my—Miss Seaford, from Cleveland, and Aunt Jane are here. Can't we postpone it?

SENATOR. Surely—but— (*Crosses front of table.* FORDYCE *is signaling him*) We'll talk it over later, eh?

HARRIET. Yes, we'll talk it over later.

SENATOR. (*Smiling*) Good. We'll talk it over later.

FORDYCE. Yes, talk it over later. (*Taking his arm*) Come? Ah—don't know that girl! (*With SENATOR at door R.*)

SENATOR. (*Returning*) Good-morning! (*Bows to JANE and ELLA*)

ELLA. (*Bowing and prompting at once*) Aunt Jane—

JANE. Eh—Oh—Good-morning! (*To SENATOR, severely*) Good-morning!

(*FORDYCE also returns and bows.*)

SENATOR. Good-morning. (*Exit SENATOR after FORDYCE*)

HARRIET. (*Playing at distress*) I'm deserted, Aunt Jane.

JANE. (*Positively*) My dear, I congratulate you.

HARRIET. Come, sit with me. I've breakfast enough for four persons.

ELLA. (*Rising eagerly*) Come, Auntie!

HARRIET. (*Pleasantly*) Clear that place quickly.

2ND WAITER. Yes, miss. (*Takes off plate with pie and cup of coffee and places them on side table. Gets busy R. of table*)

ELLA. (*Joining HARRIET L. of table*) Is that your Senator you told me of?

HARRIET. (*Amused*) That's he.

JANE. (*Rising. Up-stage to 1ST WAITER*) Bring everything! (*Sharply*) I'll do my own discarding. (*Comes down to HARRIET*)

HARRIET. Sit there, Aunt Jane!

JANE. (*Sitting in the FORDYCE chair*) Now, my dear— (*To ELLA*) Harriet can tell us all about it, I'm sure. (*To WAITER, who is adjusting her chair*) Oh, don't do that. (*To HARRIET*) Where can I get a nice gown already made?

HARRIET. Already made?

JANE. Yes, I don't want it too new-fangled, because I won't change my corsets. (*As the girls start to speak*) I won't. I won't.

(1ST WAITER brings dishes from JANE's table and places them on HARRIET's table.)

ELLA. But, Auntie——

JANE. No, the Lord didn't flatten me in front like one of those nice young men, whose jackets flare at the hips and——

HARRIET. But why *not change* them?

JANE. Why not? Because they're comfortable, and——

HARRIET. The new ones are more so.

ELLA. That's what I tell Auntie.

JANE. (*Wavering*) But every dress I own——

HARRIET. (*Persuadingly*) They can be changed.

ELLA. Thank you, Harriet. Now, where had Auntie better go?

HARRIET. I'll make you a list, Aunt Jane. What kind of a gown do you wish?

JANE. Well, I don't know. I *thought* I did, until I saw all these New Yorkers at dinner last night.

(1ST WAITER brings coffee-cups from JANE's table and places them for JANE and ELLA on HARRIET's table.)

HARRIET. New Yorkers? This room?

ELLA. Yes.

HARRIET. Those weren't New Yorkers.

JANE. No?

HARRIET. No! The aristocracy of the outside world, but——

JANE. *Well*, then, I don't know what I want.

HARRIET. For what occasions? Aunt Jane?

JANE. (*Dramatizing*) Well, if I was invited out to tea, or to the theater——

ELLA. (*Mischievously*) There's a rich brewer here from Chicago.

HARRIET. (*In the same spirit looks to JANE*) Oh!

JANE. Now, *he* never entered my mind.

ELLA. That'll do to tell Auntie. We wouldn't be here, Harriet, if he hadn't written Auntie that he was coming.

(*Enter OMNIBUS door L., takes off dishes on service table.*)

JANE. Ella——

ELLA. Isn't that so?

JANE. Utterly *untrue*.

ELLA. Oh, Aunt Jane, had we once thought of coming until you got Mr. Hooper's letter?

JANE. No, but——

ELLA. There you are.

JANE. His letter said he was coming here to meet Montgomery on business. Up to that time we didn't know where Montgomery was. Now, Ella, a joke's a joke, but I'm *not* here to meet Mr. Hooper.

HARRIET. (*To ELLA*) Of course she isn't. Now—— (*To JANE*) Let's talk of the new gown.

ELLA. And the new corsets.

JANE. (*In doubt*) Well——

HARRIET. Because, if he is a brewer, Aunt Jane——

JANE. (*In defensive dignity*) He is.

HARRIET. Why, he's probably very stout himself and—— (*ELLA pantomimes, and puffs corpulency and nods. JANE about to protest. HARRIET nods and continues*) Then, as mere contrast, Aunt Jane—— (*Pantomimes the straight front*)

JANE. My dear Ella, when Mr. Hooper was as

young as the young man you wish to marry, he was quite as slender, I assure you.

ELLA. Thank you, Aunt Jane. There can't be too much of Arthur to please me.

HARRIET. His name's Arthur?

JANE. Yes, Arthur.

HARRIET. (*Approvingly*) Very romantic for a brewer.

(*Exit OMNIBUS with silver, dishes, etc., etc.*)

ELLA. Oh, that's not Mr. Hooper's name.

HARRIET. Oh!

JANE. *Ella's* young man is Arthur.

HARRIET. I see—and what is Mr.—Mr.—

ELLA. (*Prompting*) Mr. Hooper.

HARRIET. Yes, *his* first name.

JANE. Mr. Hooper's first name is Silas, I believe.

HARRIET. (*Gathers imaginary chin piece in on downward and embracing stroke. Insinuatingly*) Well, that's a pretty name, too. "Hartford"—or New Haven? (*Brushes her fingers loosely under her chin, a la "Gosh ding it"*)

ELLA. (*With both hands brushed briskly forward under imaginary Horace Greeley's*) Pawtucket! (*Turns blandly to JANE*)

JANE. (*Defiantly*) Yes, Pawtucket. (*Also brushes Horace Greeley fashion with both hands*) The Hoopers and the Putnams were neighbors. Your mother, Miss, was born in Pawtucket. (*Brushes again at ELLA, WAITERS smile. Enter OMNIBUS L., to stand; gets remaining napkins, etc.*)

ELLA. (*Smiles at HARRIET*) Oh!

JANE. Bring me my check.

(*2ND WAITER passes to 1ST WAITER, who fumbles AUNT JANE'S check.*)

HARRIET. (*Apart to ELLA*) Vulgar persons call that "getting a rise."

ELLA. I know. That's what Arthur calls it.

HARRIET. Oh! (*Smiling*) You're not angry, Aunt Jane.

JANE. Not with *you*, Harriet, but Ella's rather run the Hooper business into the ground. (*Taking the bill*) Keep your pencil, I'll pay. (*Gets purse*)

ELLA. Hello. Here's dad. You ever met dad?

(*Enter SEAFORD, red-faced business man in Tweeds.*
Exit OMNIBUS door L.)

HARRIET. No!

SEAFORD. Well, Aunt Jane, I'm ready.

JANE. So am I.

ELLA. Dad, dear, this is Harriet, Mrs. Montgomery Putnam.

SEAFORD. (*Bowing*) Mrs. Putnam.

HARRIET. (*Bowing*) Mr. Seaford—But—I'm using my own name now—Fordyce. The Court restored that privilege to me.

SEAFORD. Oh!

JANE. Find a chair, Henry!

SEAFORD. But the shopping!

JANE. Harriet's telling me the best places to go to.

(*1ST WAITER places chair for SEAFORD down R. C. from table R. upper.*)

HARRIET. Here's your list, Aunt Jane.

JANE. (*Passing slips*) You know these places, Henry? (*SEAFORD smiles and nods, turning up R. looking at list*) For I don't. If I stay fifteen minutes in a shop, the streets all run the other way when I come out.

SEAFORD. You coming, Ella?

ELLA. (*Answering to JANE instead*) Oh, I think not, Auntie.

JANE. Of course not—with Arthur Weatherbee in town. Come, Henry! (*Exit R.*)

SEAFORD. (*Returning*) I know your father, Miss Fordyce.

HARRIET. I've heard father speak of *you*.

SEAFORD. Be kind enough to present my compliments to the Judge.

HARRIET. Thank you.

(*ELLA throws her father a kiss as he goes.*)

ELLA. (*With relief*) Alone?

HARRIET. Is it so difficult?

(*2ND WAITER adjusts chair R. of table C. and replaces chair R. C. in former place at table up-stage.*)

ELLA. Oh, Auntie is a dear when anybody's sick, and I suppose it's good of her to come and intercede with Uncle Montgomery for Arthur and me, but——

HARRIET. Tell me about *him*!

ELLA. About— (*Pause*)

HARRIET. Arthur.

(*1ST WAITER stands R. 2ND WAITER L.*)

ELLA. Well—he—(*Pause—defensively*) *Everybody* says he's handsome, not pretty, you understand, but handsome; of course you know he's in the Diplomatic service—One of our Secretaries in the London Embassy.

HARRIET. That's good! I like diplomats.

ELLA. I've never seen many, of course, but I suppose that doesn't much matter.

HARRIET. No—one's all they allow a girl to choose at a time, anyway.

ELLA. Well, that's enough, isn't it?

HARRIET. One at a time.

ELLA. No. One—one for all time.

HARRIET. (*Seriously*) If it is for all time—yes.

ELLA. (*Taking HARRIET's hand*) Forgive me, Harriet, dear, I wasn't thinking.

HARRIET. (*Reassuringly*) But I was, distinctly. Oh, it's not a tragic topic with me any more, my dear. My thoughts are set quite to the future.

ELLA. Harriet! Do you mean that Senator Barker——

HARRIET. (*Smiles*) Not at all!

ELLA. But *some* one?

HARRIET. Yes, someone.

ELLA. Who is he?

HARRIET. I don't know.

ELLA. Oh, you mean, you still have hope?

HARRIET. (*Smiling*) At least that?

ELLA. Well—I mean—of course your experience was so sad——

HARRIET. My dear Ella, women often lose faith, and charity often goes with it, but hope, *hope* abides.

ELLA. (*Very practically*) But is there any particular person?

HARRIET. Yes, but I don't know his name.

ELLA. Where'd you meet him?

HARRIET. Everywhere.

ELLA. (*Smiling*) Then his name's "Legion."

HARRIET. I think not. I met him first in Paris. I had no (*Suggests décolletée*)—no gown on—I was curling my hair by an alcohol lamp. It began to boil over and burn the table cover, as alcohol lamps always do in hotels, then the curtains caught fire and I *screamed*; and this tall,—handsome-dragon-kind of a fellow——

ELLA. (*Thrilled*) Oh, Harriet—in a *uniform*?

HARRIET. (*Shaking her head*) In a bath-robe and slippers.

ELLA. How awfully romantic? And you?

HARRIET. (*Pantomiming*) As I've told you. He grasped the danger in a moment, disappeared; returned with a bath-tub full of water; extinguished the fire; blushed; stammered something; went out.

ELLA. What a delicious adventure.

HARRIET. I had been dressing to take the train. Father and Senator Barker came at once and the rest of the time was taken up wrangling in broken French about the damages. I thought I'd *lost* him—but I met him *again* a month after that on the Channel steamer, where he rendered me another service—but I was too sea-sick to thank him. And *again* I thought I'd lost him.

ELLA. (*Positively*) I'd have *advertised* for *that* fellow.

HARRIET. I had to consider *his* feelings, remember.

ELLA. (*Dubiously*) Yes.

HARRIET. Another three weeks and he came into the same room, or car or whatever it is—on the Ferris Wheel.

ELLA. Chicago?

HARRIET. No, Earls court, London—a kind of Coney Island place.

ELLA. Oh!

HARRIET. I had a prim old English chaperone, and my dear! let me tell you—the *wheel stuck*.

ELLA. Stuck where?

HARRIET. In the air—turned half way around, and *stopped* with our car on top.

ELLA. For how long?

HARRIET. *Twenty-four hours*.

ELLA. *Twenty-four hours?*

HARRIET. One *entire day and night*.

ELLA. And you didn't speak to him?

HARRIET. Oh, yes, I did. My old English lady and myself asked him many questions about our danger. Then the night came on. A sailor man climbed up to us with sandwiches and coffee, but the wheel still stuck. My Englishman stammered something about "rest—and the car to ourselves— (*In imitation of CARDINGTON'S speech and manner—stroking moustache, etc.*) and to call if we needed anything in the night," and to our great terror but equally great relief he then climbed after the sailor man into the car behind us, which happened to have only men in it.

ELLA. How considerate.

HARRIET. Well, he was probably sleepy himself.

ELLA. And how did you get out of the car?

HARRIET. They mended the machinery the next day. Papa and the Senator Barker came—*late*, as usual, and camped on the ground below us. When our car reached the ground, they took me and my old lady friend to the hotel, and I'd lost my Englishman *again*.

ELLA. And you haven't seen him since?

HARRIET. My dear, (*Pause*) I've seen him this morning.

ELLA. Where?

HARRIET. Here.

ELLA. This hotel?

HARRIET. This *room*. Papa and Senator Barker, as usual, are planning a sudden departure by train, but I mean to stay awhile *this* time.

ELLA. Perhaps the man follows you.

HARRIET. No such luck, my dear. But I hope he doesn't think I follow *him*.

(*Enter* HEADWAITER. *Enter* ARTHUR.)

HEADWAITER. One, sir?

ARTHUR. (*Indicating ELLA*) The young lady.

(HEADWAITER *signals* 2ND WAITER, *who approaches.*)

ELLA. Here's my diplomatist!

ARTHUR. (*To ELLA*) Pardon, your father sent me. (*Glances at HARRIET*)

ELLA. Miss Fordyce, may I present Mr. Weatherbee?

HARRIET. Mr. Weatherbee.

ARTHUR. Good-morning.

ELLA. Sit down.

(2ND WAITER *seats* ARTHUR *R. of table.*)

ARTHUR. I—er—such a beautiful morning, you know, thought perhaps a walk—or ride in the Park——

ELLA. Well—Uncle Montgomery's in the hotel, and——

ARTHUR. (*Nervously*) Oh, is he?

ELLA. Miss Fordyce used to—(*HARRIET nudges her*) That is—she's met Uncle Montgomery——

HARRIET. (*With dignity*) No, my dear, I don't know the gentleman.

ELLA. Oh!

ARTHUR. You know our business with him? Miss Seaford's told you?

HARRIET. Oh, yes.

ARTHUR. Yes—er—seems to me a chap who wishes to marry—qualifies quite strongly enough if he pleases the young lady—and her *mother*—and *her father*—and that sort of thing. Uncles—well, tastes differ so——

HARRIET. It does make the requirements fairly Protean. (*To WAITER*) Check, please!

ARTHUR. (*Gratefully*) Yes, doesn't it?

ELLA. But that's only for the inheritance, Arthur. If you think your chance in the State Department is sufficient——

ARTHUR. Well, if *you* think it's sufficient——

ELLA. That's the question. What do *you* think?
(*To HARRIET*)

HARRIET. My dear, I'd rather not think. (*Takes check from 2ND WAITER, signs*) Mr. Weatherbee already has so many thinking for him. (*Gives 2ND WAITER tip*)

ARTHUR. Besides, my dear Ella, Miss Forsythe——

ELLA. Miss Fordyce——

(*Enter HEADWAITER preceding CARDINGTON.*)

ARTHUR. Pardon? Miss Fordyce doesn't know my chances.

HEADWAITER. Same table, sir?

CARDINGTON. Yes.

HARRIET. (*Seeing CARDINGTON*) Ella!

ELLA. My dear!

ARTHUR. (*Regarding CARDINGTON*) Why——
my——why——really——

ELLA. What is it, Arthur?

ARTHUR. (*Staring*) A friend of mine, I think.

ELLA. What's his name?

ARTHUR. Lord Cardington. (*ARTHUR bows to CARDINGTON*) "*Morning.*"

(*CARDINGTON adjusts monocle; regards ARTHUR stolidly; speaks to HEADWAITER.*)

CARDINGTON. Coffee! (*Sits left of table*)

HEADWAITER. Yes, sir. (*Crosses to 1ST WAITER, 1ST WAITER exit L.*)

ARTHUR. He doesn't answer. I may be mistaken, but——

HARRIET. Perhaps the gentleman doesn't remember *you*.

(HEADWAITER *exit* R.)

ARTHUR. Lord Cardington would.

ELLA. *Lord Cardington*—a nobleman?

ARTHUR. He's an *Earl*. (CARDINGTON *puts his finger on his lips and pantomimes silence to ARTHUR*) Oh—no—no—I think I'm mistaken. There's something different. (*Pause*) Well, about the walk. (*To ELLA*)

ELLA. But Uncle Montgomery!

ARTHUR. Haven't we to wait for your aunt before we see him?

ELLA. (*Rising*) I suppose we must. Will you walk with us, Harriet?

HARRIET. (*Rising*) Yes, my dear, (*Pause*) as far as the elevator.

ELLA. Nonsense! Why not to the Park?

(2ND WAITER *to window*.)

HARRIET. Well—ah—some friend of *mine* might come into the hotel. I don't think I have Mr. Weatherbee's bad memory for faces. (*Exit ELLA*)
R. HARRIET *turns at door; bows pleasantly to CARDINGTON and exit* R.)

(CARDINGTON *flutters; rises quickly and comes forward c., bowing. ARTHUR following ladies, looks back at CARDINGTON; CARDINGTON beckons him.*)

ARTHUR. (*Wavering*) In a minute. Wait!
(*Exit* R.)

CARDINGTON. (*Solus*) Arthur Weatherbee

knows her. Hang it, can she be the girl I've heard he's to marry? Wouldn't that be just my beastly luck! (*Re-enter ARTHUR below table*) Ah, Arthur, my dear boy! (*Offering his hand*)

ARTHUR. Lord Cardington— (*Shakes hands. CARDINGTON coughs him still*)

CARDINGTON. (*Dissembling*) Lord Cardington sends you his regards by me. (*Avoids 2ND WAITER who clears table c.*)

ARTHUR. What's all this? Incog?

CARDINGTON. Much worse—I'm an *alias*. Tell me—that young lady you were with.

ARTHUR. My fiancée.

CARDINGTON. (*Disappointed*) Oh! (*Pause—regards him*) My dear boy— (*Impulsively and with heart*) I congratulate you. (*Takes his hand*)

ARTHUR. Thank you, charming, isn't she?

CARDINGTON. Charming's not the word. She's queenly. (*With a regal drawl on the word*) She was the handsomest girl in London last season. (*goes up*)

ARTHUR. London? She's never been in London.

CARDINGTON. (*Calmly*) Pardon, my deah boy, I met her there.

ARTHUR. Met her?

CARDINGTON. Informally. (*Goes L.*)

ARTHUR. Miss Seaford?

CARDINGTON. (*Magnificently forgiving ARTHUR'S dulness*) No, Miss Barker, of course.

ARTHUR. Of what lady are you speaking?

CARDINGTON. Wasn't that Miss Barker next you at table theah?

ARTHUR. That was Miss Fordyce. My fiancée is the other lady, Miss Seaford.

CARDINGTON. (*In gleeful relief*) Ha! Ha! (*Pause, recovers his calm*) I saw her in Paris.

She—she set fiah to the hotel! Landlord said the name was *Barker*.

ARTHUR. Perhaps you're mistaken in the person.

CARDINGTON. No, I'm not. She recognized *me*. But I don't care what her name is—she—she's not the one you're *engaged* to?

(*Enter 1ST WAITER with coffee.*)

ARTHUR. Oh, no!

CARDINGTON. (*Much relieved, and smiling unctuously*) Oh! Oh!

(*Enter OMNIBUS door L Exit 2ND WAITER door L.*

CARDINGTON *adjusts monocle, becomes heavily introspective, 1ST WAITER comes with coffee to table.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Sits R. of small table L.*) Arthur, have some coffee? (*To WAITER*) Another cup.

1ST WAITER. Yes, sir. (*Goes*)

ARTHUR. (*Sits L. of table*) Thank you, I've had mine.

CARDINGTON. (*Pouring coffee*) Well, I've had foah, just to be where—where she was.

ARTHUR. Miss Fordyce?

CARDINGTON. If that's her name—yes.

ARTHUR. You're in love?

CARDINGTON. (*Beaming*) Ha, ha. Think of it—and at my time of life, too.

ARTHUR. How did it come about?

CARDINGTON. Most romantic. Hotel in Paris. Ah—I was having my tub— (*Draws small memo. book from pocket and consults it*) Excuse me, I mean "*taking my bath.*"

ARTHUR. What's that?

CARDINGTON. Memoranda—you see. The way one says the same things in America, don't you know. I don't want any person to think I'm an

Englishman, so—so I'm saying things in Yankee style, you see.

(*Exit 2ND WAITER L., followed by OMNIBUS with dishes, etc.*)

ARTHUR. I'm afraid you can't deceive them.

CARDINGTON. Nonsense—you—you—you *watch* me. I'd have said "you ken't deceive them," not cawn't. Aha. I've *practiced* it all the way ovah.

(OMNIBUS *enters L., gets remaining dishes and exits L.*)

ARTHUR. (*Laughing*) Well, I *shall* watch you, if I may— (*Re-enter 1ST WAITER with cup, which he places at CARDINGTON'S hand, then stands R. C.*) But you were having your tub in Paris—

CARDINGTON. When I heard a female voice—in distress—calling "*Fiah*" and (*Pause*) "*help.*" (*Pause*) You may depend on it, I—I went to her, (*Pause*) first putting on my bath gown and slippers. By Jove! The loveliest shoulders— (*Dreams and smiles*)

ARTHUR. *Her* shoulders?

CARDINGTON. (*After a puzzled look*) Why, certainly, old chap.

ARTHUR. She having *her* tub?

CARDINGTON. (*Shocked*) No, Arthur, perfectly propah, but exceedingly ah—informal, bodice and white underskirt, and all that sort of "*Fra Diavolo*" sort of thing!—

ARTHUR. I know the scene.

CARDINGTON. Well, (*Pause*) when it was all ovah—and I'd filled up my tub again and— (*Pause*) and put on my clothes—and everything— (*Pause*) she'd *gone!*

ARTHUR. Oh, too bad!

CARDINGTON. Wasn't it? Well, knocking about the Riviera, my *dog* died. You remember my dog, Bismark?

ARTHUR. No, I don't think I do.

CARDINGTON. Oh, well, he died, poor old chap. Now, you know, one can't take a dog into *England* without a *permit*.

ARTHUR. Yes, I know that.

CARDINGTON. But I *had* a permit, you see, for *my* dog.

ARTHUR. Oh, you wished to *bury* him in *England*?

CARDINGTON. (*Chagrined*) Now, my dear Arthur, (*Pause*) I'm not *that* sort of an ass, you know. No, *she'd* bought a dog, you understand?

(*Enter OMNIBUS door L.*)

ARTHUR. She?

CARDINGTON. Miss—Miss Fordyce, if that's her name.

ARTHUR. No, I don't quite understand.

CARDINGTON. (*With plainly persevering patience*) Crossing the channel, there *she* was—on the *steamer*.

ARTHUR. I *see*, with *her* dog.

CARDINGTON. *Exactly. (Breathes heavily and continues more normally)* Now it appears she's *not* a good sailor, but no matter. She was very unhappy too, because someone told her she couldn't take her dog past the Health Officer.

ARTHUR. Without a permit.

CARDINGTON. (*Finishing, and at rest*) Exactly.

ARTHUR. (*Long Pause*) So you thought of yours.

CARDINGTON. No, dear boy, *I'd* no such presence of mind, but *Wilkins* thought of it.

ARTHUR. Wilkins?

CARDINGTON. You must remember *my man*, Wilkins?

ARTHUR. Oh, yes, Wilkins, of course.

CARDINGTON. Wilkins suspects that I'm—ah—interested in the girl—so *he* suggested getting her dog through for her. I cautioned him not to give her my name, because I didn't want to—to interest her—*that* way, you know. (ARTHUR *nods*) Wilkins arranged it with her maid, I'm sure she wanted to thank me herself, but she—she's *not* a good sailor. (*Pause*) She was devilish *handsome*, all the same—ah—even under *those*—trying circumstances.

ARTHUR. So she didn't thank you?

CARDINGTON. Only with her eyes, deah boy.

ARTHUR. Eyes are very eloquent sometimes.

CARDINGTON. Rather! Well, Wilkins put my luggage in the same compartment with hers on the train going up to London, but of course one couldn't *force* one's self *that* way.

ARTHUR. Of course not.

CARDINGTON. (*Disapprovingly*) Wilkins has presence of mind, and *some* delicacy—but hang it—there *are* moments. (*Pause*) So I didn't see her again *that* time. But now comes the *rummest* adventure. You read about that Ferris Wheel thing at Earls court stopping for twenty-four hours?

ARTHUR. Yes, with the passengers in all the cars?

CARDINGTON. (*Smiling reflectively*) There are some deuced funny *stories* told about that—fellows who didn't want their wives to know, and chaps missing trains, and all that sort of thing. But—no matter—I was there.

ARTHUR. You in that wheel?

CARDINGTON. Ha, ha, wasn't I though? You know they'd mulct me in awful heavy damages, if they knew (*Looks cautiously around*)—I—I—*did*

that. (*Reaching across and tapping ARTHUR'S arm to emphasize his words*)

ARTHUR. Did what?

CARDINGTON. *Threw the machinery out of gear and made the deuced thing stick.*

ARTHUR. But why?

CARDINGTON. *She was there. I saw her go into a car with another lady, and I started after her. Wilkins said, "don't go up," sir, the blessed thing might stick with you in the air. I said, "I'd give a five pun note if it would stick"—ha—ha—and there you are!*

(*Enter WILKINS R., crosses to CARDINGTON.*)

ARTHUR. (*Laughing*) Oh, bribed the engineer——

CARDINGTON. No, oh, Wilkins——

WILKINS. This card just came up, sir. Gentleman's waiting.

CARDINGTON. Oh!

ARTHUR. How are you, Wilkins?

(*WILKINS nods.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Takes card*) You remember Mr. Weatherbee, Wilkins——

WILKINS. Yes, sir.

CARDINGTON. (*With card*) Mr. Silas Hooper—
(*To WILKINS*) Oh, that's the *brewah*, isn't it?

WILKINS. Yes, sir.

CARDINGTON. Well, ask him to wait five minutes, while I *read* about him. (*Gets his memo., book, rising and crossing down R. C.*)

WILKINS. Yes, sir. (*Starts off R.*)

CARDINGTON. Wilkins.

WILKINS. Yes, sir.

CARDINGTON. Tell Mr. Weatherbee how you stopped that Ferris wheel thing—at Earls court.

WILKINS. (*Returning*) I only meant to stop it a 'alf hour, sir.

CARDINGTON. (*Looking up*) Tommy rot, Wilkins, you meant to do just what you did, and you're devilish lucky not to be transported for life.

WILKINS. Yes, sir. (*To ARTHUR*) I'd a large jack-knife, sir, and I dropped it in the cogs, the cable climbed right over them when it struck it, sir—I don't know exactly how, sir——

CARDINGTON. That will do, Wilkins.

WILKINS. Yes, sir. (*Goes*)

CARDINGTON. (*To ARTHUR*) Great presence of mind, Arthur, but no—no—no delicacy. (*Reads*) "Hoopah! Wants to sell breweries, knew father, knew you as a small boy, promised to meet him, Chicago, some time in April. Pretend to consider his offers, belongs to clubs and can give you a good time—"oh, oh, I wish I'd written more about Hooper.

PAGE. (*Heard off R. calling*) Telegram for Montgomery Putnam. Telegram for Montgomery Putnam! (*Enter PAGE R., telegram in hand, crossing L.*) Telegram for Montgomery Putnam.

ARTHUR. (*Turning*) Putnam?

CARDINGTON. Here, boy!

PAGE. (*Goes to CARDINGTON*) Your name Putnam, sir?

CARDINGTON. Yes. (*Takes telegram. Exit PAGE R.* ARTHUR *stares*) Excuse me, Arthur, won't you?

ARTHUR. (*Rising*) Why do you open Mr. Putnam's telegrams?

CARDINGTON. Why shouldn't I. That's my name—heah!

(ARTHUR *astonished.*)

ARTHUR. *Your name?*

CARDINGTON. Yes, my *alias*.

ARTHUR. But Montgomery Putnam's—

CARDINGTON. (ARTHUR *sits*) A friend of mine in London. You see, this trial of Lord Culver by the Peers is a devilish serious thing. I don't want to sit as one of his judges, because, well, I know too much of the case, you see. Had to go where they can't find me. Thought being some other fellow in *particular* was much better than a mere *assumed* name. So this friend of mine said I would do him a favor by using his name, you understand. No reporter would look for Lord Cardington, in the person of an American citizen, doing business. Besides, Miss Fordyce is an American and—

ARTHUR. But Montgomery Putnam is a well-known man.

CARDINGTON. He told me not by sight. He's been on the Continent most of the time. Lot of money.

ARTHUR. Plenty of money—but—

CARDINGTON. (*Reads telegram*) "Tell Ella and Jane not to worry about me. Much better this morning. Sarah." Oh! (*Pause*) I'm glad Sarah's better, but who the deuce is Sarah? And why *should* Ella and Jane worry?

ARTHUR. (*Rising*) Sarah's Miss Seaford's mother. That telegram's not meant for you, my lord.

CARDINGTON. (*Starting and looking around*) Be careful, Arthur. Call me Montgomery, or Mr. Putnam, but—

ARTHUR. We are here to *meet* Mr. Montgomery Putnam this morning.

CARDINGTON. Oh! Oh! Then there's *another* one of us?

ARTHUR. Certainly!

CARDINGTON. (*Deeply puzzled*) That makes three. (*Pauses—sits*) Ever see this *third* one?

ARTHUR. No, he's been on the Continent most of his life.

CARDINGTON. So has *my* friend.

ARTHUR. *This* Putnam's family is *Pawtucket*.

CARDINGTON. Pawtucket—that's *my* man.

ARTHUR. But Miss Seaford's uncle is *here*. That telegram's from her mother to the uncle.

CARDINGTON. Oh!

ARTHUR. (*Sitting*) Mr. Hooper had a letter from the *uncle*, written in *Boston*.

CARDINGTON. I wrote Hooper from Boston—to *Chicago*. He answered, meet him *here*. Here's his card.

ARTHUR. Then *you're* the man Miss Seaford came from Cleveland to meet.

CARDINGTON. Oh, am I? (*Gets book*) Wonder if I've any memorandum about her?

ARTHUR. You don't need any. She's my fiancée. She came here to meet you, because we've got to have Montgomery Putnam's consent to our marriage. Something about their inheritance.

CARDINGTON. (*Pause*) Oh— Well, I'm sorry if I have given the young lady any trouble. Is Cleveland *far* from here?

ARTHUR. Eighteen hours.

CARDINGTON. Oh, that's too bad. Well, ask her, like a good fellow, not to make any trouble for *me*. It's the *other* girl I'm after.

ARTHUR. She's never seen her uncle. This—this'll put off— (*Pause*) Where is the *real* uncle?

CARDINGTON. He left me at Southampton. Said he was going to Cairo, after I left.

ARTHUR. Too bad.

CARDINGTON. (*Leaning back in chair*) Oh, Cairo's not a bad place.

ARTHUR. You know I don't give a cent about his consent myself—

CARDINGTON. Quite right, dear boy—

ARTHUR. Only something's to be done. They'll surely call on *you* this morning.

CARDINGTON. Oh! (*Pause*) Can't you say you've *seen* me and that—it's—it's no use?

ARTHUR. They'd think that rather officious on my part. Besides, they wouldn't take that for an answer—and, don't you see, if *they* did, it might delay my marriage.

CARDINGTON. Oh!

ARTHUR. Montgomery Putnam wanted you to use his name?

CARDINGTON. Yes; with the brewah chap.

ARTHUR. Then why *not* use it?

CARDINGTON. Why, bless you, my dear fellow, *I am*. (*Extends card in one hand, book in the other*)

ARTHUR. But if you don't mind, use it for *me*. (*Getting his hat and rising*) I'll fetch Miss Seaford to you and you can say you consent.

CARDINGTON. No, dear boy, I can't do that.

ARTHUR. Why not?

CARDINGTON. Because I'd be a bit of a cad. Hang it! Putnam's my *friend*, and if it's a matter of *estate*, or—an inheritance—Oh, no!

ARTHUR. (*Sitting again*) I don't see that. Such a consent by proxy, wouldn't *convey* the estate. I only want the *girl*.

CARDINGTON. You see, I'm not sure. I'm such an *ass* about law—even *English* law. No, deah boy, I dare not.

ARTHUR. But you dare refuse.

CARDINGTON. Nor *that*, either. That was just my first *impulse* at the thought of a nice girl marrying—*any* fellow.

(*Enter HARRIET R.*)

HARRIET. Oh, Mr. Weatherbee—

(ARTHUR *and* CARDINGTON *rise, both embarrassed.*
ARTHUR *crosses c.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Aside*) Introduce me, Arthur.

HARRIET. Ella is waiting for you quite impatiently. I thought you might care to know.

ARTHUR. Thank you.

CARDINGTON. (*Aside—pleadingly*) Deah Boy!

ARTHUR. No, sir—you declined to help me.

CARDINGTON. But Arthur—I—

HARRIET. You may introduce your friend. I think we've met before, but—

CARDINGTON. Quite so.

ARTHUR. Miss Fordyce, may I present Mr. Montgomery Putnam.

HARRIET. (*Startled*) Montgom—Putnam—
(*Aspirantly*) You mean?

ARTHUR. Oh, yes, Ella's *Uncle* Montgomery.
(*To CARDINGTON*) Miss Fordyce knows your niece *very* well.

(*Enter OMNIBUS door L.—removes dishes from table L.*)

CARDINGTON. Oh!

ARTHUR. Excuse me. (*Exit R., laughing—pausing to throw an amused look at CARDINGTON*)

HARRIET. Did—did I hear the name rightly?
Mr. Montgomery Putnam?

CARDINGTON. Yes, yes—Montgomery Putnam.
Won't you have a chair? (*Arranges chair for her R. of table c.*)

HARRIET. Thank you.

CARDINGTON. And some coffee?

(*WAITER turns—1ST WAITER approaches.*)

HARRIET. (*Aside—perplexed*) Can—he—
know?

CARDINGTON. Waitah! bring some hot coffee, and— (To HARRIET) Anything else, Miss Fordyce?

HARRIET. (*Startled*) Oh—pardon?

CARDINGTON. Some fruit or anything?

HARRIET. No, thank you.

(CARDINGTON *continues in pantomime to WAITER.*)

HARRIET. (*Aside*) Mr. Weatherbee doesn't know Montgomery Putnam. He does know Lord Cardington.

(1ST WAITER *arranges chairs at table L. Exit door L.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Returning*) And to think that we should meet as acquaintances after all.

HARRIET. (*Smiling*) Having met so often as friends.

CARDINGTON. Thank you. (*Bows and sits above table c.*)

HARRIET. (*Insinuatingly*) Your first visit to America?

CARDINGTON. Oh—no—I was born here, you know.

HARRIET. Indeed?

CARDINGTON. Oh, yes.

HARRIET. What part of America?

CARDINGTON. No particular part—oh—oh—yes—Paw—Paw—tucket.

HARRIET. Mr. Weatherbee said you were Miss Seaford's uncle.

CARDINGTON. Yes, but don't let us talk about *me*. (*Smiles pleasantly*)

HARRIET. (*Persevering*) You must be the brother, then, of Miss Jane Putnam?

CARDINGTON. (*Trying to remember*) Jane?

(*Pause*) Oh, yes, Jane of course. (*Gets telegram*) I've had a telegram from Jane. Jane's bettah. She said I was to tell Mary so.

HARRIET. A telegram from Jane?

CARDINGTON. (*Corrected by telegram*) Oh, I beg pardon, it's from Sarah—Ah—Sarah's bettah.

(*Enter door L. OMNIBUS with service for table c., which he lays and exits door L.*)

HARRIET. (*Aside*) Why does he use that name? (*Aloud*) We saw in the papers that you knew some of the English nobility.

CARDINGTON. (*Easily*) Ah—yes—yes!

HARRIET. Lord Cardington, I think, was among them.

CARDINGTON. Yes, I know Cardington.

HARRIET. Baronet, I believe.

CARDINGTON. (*With dignity*) No, Cardington's an Earl.

HARRIET. (*Attracted by his seal ring*) Indeed. Do you know his coat of arms?

CARDINGTON. (*Turning his ring*) Something or other—ah, no—I don't think I *could* describe it. But nevah mind my friends. You—you're staying heah, of course?

HARRIET. Yes.

CARDINGTON. (*Smiles*) So am I. Think of it, Miss Fordyce. I might see more of you. (*HARRIET starts slightly*) I mean—oftener, don't you know. You see, my time is of no importance, and—

HARRIET. I inferred that, of course.

CARDINGTON. Forgive me, I'm dreadfully stupid. I meant I regretted that I had no business, which I might *neglect* for you. May as well be honest, you know.

(*Enter 1ST WAITER with coffee service for two.*)

HARRIET. Quite as well.

(1ST WAITER *puts coffee on table, exit L.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Rising*) Have some coffee?

HARRIET. No thank you, I'll pour it. I've had coffee twice this morning.

CARDINGTON. This makes *five* times for *me*.

HARRIET. (*Stopping*) Five? Is it such a passion with you?

CARDINGTON. (*Sitting*) I came in each time to see—you.

HARRIET. Mr. Putnam— (*Pours coffee—lowering eyes*)

CARDINGTON. Do you blame me?

HARRIET. It seems—excessive, really. (*Pause*) I came back only *once*—on your account.

CARDINGTON. (*Impulsively*) Miss Fordyce? (*Leans forward*)

HARRIET. (*Receding a little*) Oh, Mr. Putnam. I wish to thank you for your great kindness in the three times that we met.

(*Enter 1ST WAITER door L., with fruit, which he places on table C. and retires to position up L. C.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Fervently*) Don't mention it, I beg of you. It has brought so much interest into my life—really, Miss Forddyce, I am the debtor.

HARRIET. (*Smiling*) It interests you to rescue maidens in distress?

CARDINGTON. Ha, ha! Yes, that is, one *girl*—you know if a chap wanted to marry, maiden—ah—maiden—sounds so romantically *hopeless*, don't you know.

HARRIET. Maidens, I believe, are wed, not married.

CARDINGTON. Exactly.

HARRIET. (*Turns to him*) Your own experience?

CARDINGTON. My experience?

HARRIET. Yes. Didn't Mr. Weatherbee say you were a married man?

CARDINGTON. (*Smiling*) Weatherbee? Ho! ho! Weatherbee must have been spoofing.

HARRIET. Spoofing?

CARDINGTON. (*Helplessly getting his book, but not daring to consult it*) Spoofing, oh, yes, in jest—ah—(*In sudden relief*) "Talking through his hat." (*Puts memo. book away*)

HARRIET. Then you've *not* been married?

CARDINGTON. Nevah—I'm happy to say.

HARRIET. Happy to say—Why happy?

CARDINGTON. Because if I had been, it would have been to the wrong girl. You see?

HARRIET. Oh—would it?

CARDINGTON. Now, I can come to—to the *right girl*, and—ah—with a clean record—"first love" and all that—*poetical* sort of thing.

HARRIET. (*Smiling*) Quite enough, I should think, to win even a *maiden*.

CARDINGTON. Prefer *girl*—ha, ha! (*Aside. In sudden seriousness*) By Jove—she's splendid.

HARRIET. And, of course, the girl should be equally inexperienced?

CARDINGTON. Oh, yes—of course—that is—(*Pause. Then with great meaning*) She is, I'm sure?

HARRIET. Oh, then, you've *met* her?

CARDINGTON. Now, my dear Miss Fordyce, *you're* not spoofing—I mean poking fun at me?

HARRIET. No. Am I too—too curious?

CARDINGTON. Not at all. It's very charming if you mean it.

HARRIET. Of course I mean it, I wish very

much to know if you've met the lady—that is the girl——

CARDINGTON. (*Insinuatingly*) Why do you think I am on this side of the Atlantic, Miss For-dyce?

HARRIET. Why you were *born* here.

CARDINGTON. Of course—in Paw—Pawtucket. But—I'm awfully fond of London, don't you know—ah—*notwithstanding*.

HARRIET. So am I. But why *are* you on this side of the Atlantic?

CARDINGTON. Because— (*Pause—looks at her wooingly, half rising and bending over her*)

HARRIET. Well? (*Looks down—Enter WILKINS with letters*)

CARDINGTON. (*Motioning WILKINS away*) No—not now, Wilkins.

HARRIET. (*Looking up and around*) Oh, that's your man, isn't it?

CARDINGTON. (*Deeply annoyed*) Yes—Wilkins.

HARRIET. How d'do?

WILKINS. Morning, Miss.

CARDINGTON. (*Rebukingly*) Well, Wilkins, what is it?

WILKINS. Mr. Hooper, sir, and some letters.

HARRIET. (*Rising*) I'm keeping you from your business. You *are* neglecting it for me. (*Smiles pleasantly, crossing before table up c.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Following*) I don't care a hang for it, I assure you. Don't go.

HARRIET. Oh, I think I must. It's such a *beautiful morning for walking* and——

CARDINGTON. (*In boyish eagerness*) Take *me* with you. You know I can dispose of this business in a jiffy. It's only a brewah chap from Chicago.

HARRIET. (*To WILKINS*) Oh, Mr. Hooper.

WILKINS. Yes, Miss.

HARRIET. (*To CARDINGTON*) Do let me see what he looks like.

CARDINGTON. Why, of course, and I'll tell him I had a—a previous engagement with you—(HARRIET *turns down L. c., smiling*) Send him here, Wilkins.

WILKINS. Yes, sir. (*Offers letters*) Letters, sir?

CARDINGTON. (*Refusing letters with gesture; comes down to HARRIET*) No—o—o—

(WILKINS *exit R.*)

HARRIET. (*Smiling archly*) “A previous engagement with me—Oh, Mr. Putnam—I'm afraid you find deception *not* so difficult.

CARDINGTON. *For* you, my dear lady—nevah to you.

HARRIET. And Mr. Weatherbee was spoofing? You—you've not been married in any—*previous engagement?*

CARDINGTON. Nevah!

HARRIET. Because that would be the one matter about which the—the right girl, whoever she may be—could forgive *no* deception.

CARDINGTON. To be sure.

(*1ST WAITER crosses to table, about to remove service.*)

CARDINGTON. Oh, leave that, please. I'll give it to Hoopah.

(*Exit WAITER L. Enter WILKINS and HOOPER R.*)

WILKINS. (*Politely, indicating CARDINGTON*) Mr. Putnam, sir.

(*CARDINGTON crosses R. HARRIET turns up C.*)

CARDINGTON. Oh, Mr. Hoopah? (*Meeting Hooper and shaking hands*)

HOOPER. That's my name. Are you Montgomery Putnam?

CARDINGTON. Oh, yes, though I haven't seen you, Mr. Hoopah, since I was a little boy in Paw—Pawtucket. (*Turns away to L.*)

HOOPER. (*Aside*) Tries to act like a fool Englishman.

CARDINGTON. I fear I cawn't—can't—I *can't* do any business this morning, Mr. Hoopah, as I've appointed to—to go an errand of considerable importance. (*Crosses up c. to HARRIET*)

HARRIET. It will take me some minutes to get ready.

CARDINGTON. Oh! (*Following HARRIET*) You won't be too long, will you?

(*HARRIET suggests "no" and exit R. HOOPER goes c., below table.*)

CARDINGTON. Well, Wilkins?

WILKINS. Letters, sir.

CARDINGTON. No. Get my stick and hat; and wait for me in the corridor.

WILKINS. Yes, sir. (*Exit R.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Indicating chair*) Sit down, Mr. Hoopah—that table—I'm having my coffee.

HOOPER. Thank you. (*Sits L. of table*)

CARDINGTON. (*With book—scanning it*) "Hoopah—breweries—Chicago"—Oh! (*Giving up perplexed—puts book in pocket. Returns to table*)

HOOPER. How's Jane?

CARDINGTON. Jane? (*Pause*) Oh, Jane's better—much better.

HOOPER. (*Anxiously*) Has Jane been ill?

CARDINGTON. Yes, I've had a telegram from her

this morning, telling me not to worry—so I—I don't worry, you see. (*Sits R. of table c.*)

HOOPER. I wired Jane day before yesterday—

CARDINGTON. (*Worried*) Oh—then she's probably got it by this time.

HOOPER. Unless she's too ill for them to give it to her.

CARDINGTON. Yes.

HOOPER. But she *telegraphed*—you?

CARDINGTON. (*Easily*) Oh, yes.

HOOPER. She was able to do that?

CARDINGTON. Yes, (*Pause*) now I should think if a person were well enough to *send* a telegram she would be strong enough to—ah—*receive* one—Ah—personally, you know, I find *sending* them much the more difficult of the two.

HOOPER. Why, of course, she *got* it. Jane didn't know *you* were here, until I telegraphed her, did she?

CARDINGTON. I'm sure she didn't.

HOOPER. I'll stop off in Cleveland on my way back and see Jane.

CARDINGTON. Good!

HOOPER. (*With a plunge at business*) Yes—er—now—you like Jane, don't you?

CARDINGTON. (*On the defensive*) Like Jane? Well, you see, my dear Mr. Hoopah,—(*Smiles and gets his book below table*)

HOOPER. Because Jane has an idea that you—you're indifferent in a way.

CARDINGTON. Well—ah—you see, my dear Mr. Hoopah— (*Finding place in book suddenly*) Jane's my *sister*, don't you know.

HOOPER. (*Brightly*) That's what I tell her—

CARDINGTON. Well—er—you're perfectly safe, old chap. You stop over in Cleveland, and—and *repeat* it.

HOOPER. I shall,

CARDINGTON. (*Anxiously*) Now that's all about Jane, isn't it. (HOOPER *turns and looks at him amazed*) Because we've got to talk about the Brewery, and your Clubs— (*Looks anxiously*)

HOOPER. But *Jane's* quite as important to me as the *breweries* are.

CARDINGTON. In a way, of course.

HOOPER. Now, your father's *will*—

CARDINGTON. (*With dignity, after covertly consulting memo. book*) My father—Mr. Hoopah—is dead—ah—ah—*isn't* he?

HOOPER. To be sure, but—

CARDINGTON. Then we can't discuss him or his affairs in the same—ah—interview with the *breweries*, can we?

HOOPER. Leave the business out—out of it— (*Positively, striking the table, startling CARDINGTON*) *I can make Jane happy*—

CARDINGTON. (*Equally loud*) Then for *God's* sake, *do it*, Hoopah.

(*Enter SENATOR and DUFFIELD R.*)

SENATOR. That's the gentleman, this side. (*Goes up c. to window*)

DUFFIELD. Mr. Putnam.

CARDINGTON. Yes, I'm Mr. Putnam.

DUFFIELD. May I have a word with you?

CARDINGTON. (*Glad to quit HOOPER*) You may. (*Rises*)

(*HOOPER rises, goes to table L., places chair R. at back of table and sits, facing front.*)

DUFFIELD. My name's Duffield. I'm from the law office of Brooks, Fairbank and Brooks.

CARDINGTON. What can I do for you?

DUFFIELD. We represent Mrs. Putnam.

CARDINGTON. (*Drops monocle from eye and*

stares at DUFFIELD stupefied. Pause) Mrs. Putnam? Oh, you mean—mothah?

DUFFIELD. I mean, your wife.

CARDINGTON. *My wife?*

DUFFIELD. Mrs. Montgomery Putnam.

CARDINGTON. Well, but I'm not—*married*, am I?

DUFFIELD. Not now, sir, of course, but I suppose you must admit that you're liable for the alimony?

CARDINGTON. Oh—alimony.

DUFFIELD. Yes, sir. Your default puts you in contempt of court. We don't wish to make an arrest, but— (*Indicating by turn of the head R.*) an officer of the court is there in the corridor, if you refuse to pay.

CARDINGTON. (*To himself*) Damn it! (*Pause*) And I told Miss Fordyce—

DUFFIELD. (*Positively*) Miss Fordyce has nothing to say in the premises, sir.

CARDINGTON. Well, I'm not such an ass as that, my good fellow.

DUFFIELD. We want the money.

CARDINGTON. Oh, very well. (*Pause*) I shall have to cable to Cairo—

DUFFIELD. My instructions don't permit that delay, sir.

CARDINGTON. Well, what's the amount?

DUFFIELD. Five thousand dollars.

CARDINGTON. Oh, that's a thousand pounds, isn't it?

DUFFIELD. About that.

CARDINGTON. Well, you know, a chap doesn't carry that amount with him.

DUFFIELD. Your check's good.

CARDINGTON. My check— (*Weakening*) You know, I've a jolly good mind to tell you something. (*Pause*) No—I can't do that. (*Look at HOOPER*) Hoopah must know about it. (*To DUFFIELD*)

Permit me to speak to my friend a moment. (DUFFIELD *bows and turns up, joining* SENATOR. CARDINGTON *goes L. to* HOOPER) Mr. Hoopah, you're a business man—ah this chap heah— (Pause)

HOOPER. I heard what you've said to each other.

CARDINGTON. Oh! (Pause) There's no way out of it, I suppose? (HOOPER *shakes head.* CARDINGTON *gets his book, looks at it hopelessly*) It's a dirty trick. (*Sits L. of table c.*)

HOOPER. (*Rises*) Well, you didn't defend the suit. You go abroad—you pay the piper.

CARDINGTON. You know, a chap who could do that—I must have inherited some damned nasty traits from my parents, Hoopah?

HOOPER. Well, the old man *had* 'em. Your mother was an angel.

CARDINGTON. Well, hang it. (*Looks at DUFFIELD, then at his book*) I'm beginning to despair a little, even of mothah.

DUFFIELD. (*Approaching*) Well, sir?

CARDINGTON. (*Rising*) You handle this affair for me, Hoopah—there's a good chap.

HOOPER. (*Nods to DUFFIELD*) You don't want all that money at once, do you?

DUFFIELD. Not if it's secured. We'll take a thousand now and the other four thousand in a month.

HOOPER. (*To CARDINGTON, who has gone out of it to table L.*) Give him your check for a thousand dollars.

CARDINGTON. My check— (Pause) I'll see what cash I have. (*Goes into pocket. Enter ARTHUR R.*) Excuse me, here's another friend of mine. (*Crosses above table and meeting ARTHUR at R. C.* HOOPER *risks and resumes seat at table L. with newspaper, DUFFIELD goes up to SENATOR*)

ARTHUR. What's up?

CARDINGTON. Why, it appears that this damned

fellow who lent me his—his damned name, is married—and divorced—and owes a lot of alimony.

ARTHUR. Ha, ha, ha!

CARDINGTON. Well, hang it, Arthur, I don't see anything to laugh at. (*Rather offended*) They want a thousand dollars—something over two hundred pounds now. Here's a hundred pounds, and how much is that? (*Producing United States Currency*)

ARTHUR. (*Running rapidly through the bills*) Fifty—fifty—fifty—twenty—twenty—two hundred and ten dollars—that's forty-two pounds.

CARDINGTON. You'll take my check, won't you?

ARTHUR. Won't *they* take it?

CARDINGTON. If I sign Putnam—but on a check, hang it, that'd be forgery, old fellow. It appears I've *committed* alimony, but you know Arthur, that wasn't intentional.

ARTHUR. (*Eagerly*) I'll let you have it, and you say you give your consent to my marriage with Ella.

CARDINGTON. (*Severely*) Now, look here, Arthur, you know that that's blackmail. (*Pause*) You know I could have you arrested for that.

ARTHUR. Call it what you like. Do you do it?

CARDINGTON. No, sir.

ARTHUR. Then I keep my three hundred. (*Turns to go*)

CARDINGTON. (*Detaining him*) Look here, Arthur. I'll cable this fellow. I'll do *that*, and tell him I know you and that you're a devilish good sort, and have lent me three hundred dollars, and that I advise his giving his consent. I can do that, you know.

ARTHUR. At once?

CARDINGTON. At once, Arthur.

ARTHUR. Very well. (*Gives money*)

CARDINGTON. Thank you, dear boy. (*Turns to*

DUFFIELD) Here, my man! (DUFFIELD *turns to him*. CARDINGTON, *with hands full of various bills crosses to HOOPER*) You're quite sure this is regular, Mr. Hoopah?

HOOPER. Quite——

CARDINGTON. (*To DUFFIELD*) There's the thousand dollars, then.

DUFFIELD. There must be security for the other four.

HOOPER. I'll give that, if Mr. Putnam wishes it.

CARDINGTON. Thank you!

DUFFIELD. You can sign this. (DUFFIELD *sits at table R., with HOOPER and counts money while HOOPER signs*)

SENATOR. (*Coming down c.*) Fixed, Duffield?

DUFFIELD. Yes, sir.

SENATOR. (*To CARDINGTON*) And you, sir, must leave this hotel. *You!* (CARDINGTON *is oblivious*. ARTHUR *directs his attention to SENATOR and turns up c.* CARDINGTON *turns to SENATOR, adjusting monacle*) Speaking to me?

SENATOR. I'm speaking to you. Your wife cares nothing for this dirty money.

CARDINGTON. Well, *somebody's very* particular.

SENATOR. She wishes to be unmolested and to avoid you. Her health isn't the best, as you know, and if she were to meet you face to face—well—it might kill her.

CARDINGTON. Oh!

(*Enter HARRIET.*)

HARRIET. Mr. Putnam——

CARDINGTON. Miss Fordyce——

SENATOR. (*Astonished*) What——

HARRIET. I'm ready.

CARDINGTON. You'll excuse me, then, Hoopah, won't you?

SENATOR. (*Starts to interfere*) But——

CARDINGTON. (*Turning*) If you speak one word of that beastly row before this lady, I'll thrash you. (*Mumbles in dumb show some "cuss words" at* SENATOR. *Turns to* HARRIET. *Fixes* HARRIET'S glove. *Exit on 2nd Curtain*)

(SENATOR stands dumbfounded.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: LORD CARDINGTON'S parlor, third floor, Waldorf-Astoria. Two windows in R. wall look onto Fifth Ave. A mantel and fireplace are at C. back. The door to R. of mantel lets into bedroom, where an end of a handsome brass bed shows. The door L. of mantel lets into private hall running straight back to next apartment. The L. wall of this hall is occupied by closets further back, and a door at lower end, letting into main corridor of third floor. This corridor may be glimpsed by an auditor to the left of the orchestra chairs. A double door L. of scene, proper, lets to private dining-room. Stage is set with table C., sofa to R. of table, desk between windows R. Book-case R. U. corner. Piano down L. Clock on mantel. A Boot Box is in hall wall.

DISCOVERED, WILKINS and 3rd floor WAITER.

WILKINS. (*Seated L. of table*) Hand, it won't be cold, you tell me?

HALLWAITER. (*Standing*) Not for a party of four.

WALKINS. What's the party to do with it?

HALLWAITER. For a small party we cook it right here. We have a kitchen on each floor.

WILKINS. My word!

HALLWAITER. (*Sitting in armchair*) I could cook for six, but——

WALKINS. (*Rising*) Stand hup—you!—

HALLWAITER. Stand up?

WILKINS. 'Ow dare you—a bally waiter, sitting down in the presence of a gentleman's gentleman. I'll 'ave you discharged.

HALLWAITER. (*Rising*) Vy you're only a valet, you are—dat's all.

WILKINS. (*Sitting*) Well, don't you sit down all the same. (*Knock. WILKINS stands promptly*) Get hout!

(WAITER goes L. WILKINS goes to hall door up L.)

HALLWAITER. Dem fellows never licked de Boers—no zaw-ree!

JANE. (*At hall door*) Is Mr. Putnam here?

WILKINS. No, ma'am.

JANE. (*Entering*) This is his room?

WILKINS. These are his apartments, madame.

JANE. Come in, Ella.

WILKINS. But, Mr. Putnam isn't——

JANE. I'm Mr. Putnam's sister.

WILKINS. Ow!

JANE. This young lady is his niece. How long have you been with Mr. Putnam?

WILKINS. Quite a time, ma'am, hoff and on.

JANE. (*Going down R. of table and circling up L. of C., seeing piano, stops*) Then you have heard him speak of his sister Jane?

WILKINS. I 'ave, ma'am.

JANE. (*To ELLA*) Piano—your Uncle Montgomery doesn't play. (*To WILKINS*) Do you play?

WILKINS. Hit's the 'otel, ma'am. Hit gows with the hapartment.

JANE. (*Looking off at door L.*) Oh, dining-room—who's is that?

WILKINS. Our private dining-room, ma'am. (*Crossing to c.*)

JANE. (*Going to door up R. c., and looking about*) Bedroom. Private bath, I suppose?

WILKINS. Yes, ma'am, with a china tub, 'ot and cold water cocks.

JANE. See this, Ella? (*Picks up bag with initial on it. Brings from alcove room R. c.*)

ELLA. What of it?

JANE. That's a bag I gave Montgomery in '92. Bought it from my own little starvation allowance. (*Throws bag in corner up R. WILKINS makes gesture of remonstrance, goes and picks up bag and replaces it in room up R.*) Huh! I've learned something since then. Here's the mail! (*R. of table, looking over mail*)

WILKINS. Private mail, ma'am. (*Protesting*)

JANE. My letter, Ella, unopened.

ELLA. Then that explains it, doesn't it?

JANE. To some extent, yes. Here's one in his own handwriting.

WILKINS. I think not, ma'am.

JANE. Who asked you to think? I guess I know my brother's signature. This is a self-addressed envelope from Berlin to Boston, forwarded to New York. Well—I don't understand that. If my brother insists on writing to himself, seems to me he should know where he's at. (*Crossing up and turning to WILKINS*) Look here!

WILKINS. I'm looking, ma'am.

JANE. You say my brother occasionally speaks of his family. (*Bell rings*) What's that?

WILKINS. The door, ma'am. Excuse me. (*Goes to door*)

JANE. (*Crossing behind and down R. of settee,*

before which she pauses. To ELLA) Bells on a bedroom door—of all the fool hotels—

WILKINS. (*At door*) He's not in, Mr. Weatherbee.

ARTHUR. Hasn't come back, then?

(ELLA rises.)

WILKINS. No, sir.

ELLA. (*Going up L.*) It's Arthur, Auntie. Oh, Arthur!

ARTHUR. (*Appearing*) Yes— (*Sees JANE*) Wow! (*Looks at WILKINS*)

WILKINS. Mr. Putnam's sister, sir.

ARTHUR. (*Fluffing*) Yes, yes. (*To JANE*) You heard from your brother, then?

JANE. Not at all. My letter's here, unopened. But you told him we were here, Ella says. (*Sits, settee*)

ARTHUR. Oh, yes, yes.

JANE. And Ella says you're quite old friends, shook hands with you—after he recognized you—

ARTHUR. Oh, yes, yes.

JANE. Well, it's very funny you never mentioned it to us. Montgomery Putnam's not a very common name.

ARTHUR. (*In front of table c.*) You know I called him Mr. Putnam. You see, Putnam—Putnam by itself is not so unusual, especially in England.

(WILKINS turns up to hide his amusement.)

JANE. True!

ARTHUR. And then this one—that is—he's so much like an *Englishman* I always thought he was an Englishman, and—your brother's an American.

JANE. (*Pause*) Why didn't you ask him flat-footed about Ella?

ARTHUR. Well, that seemed rather a family matter, don't you think so?

JANE. Yes, I suppose it is. (*Rises and crosses L., looks into dining-room*)

ARTHUR. (*Relieved; turns up to mantel c.*) Yes.
(*ELLA goes c.*)

JANE. Then he *expects* us, of course. His table is set for four to lunch. (*To WILKINS*) Do you know anything about it?

WILKINS. 'E said 'ave lunch for four, that's h'all I know.

JANE. Well, you and Mr. Weatherbee might wait downstairs, then, Ella. There's a woman coming with a new dress, and— (*Lowering voice*) and some other articles for me. (*Going up L.*)

ELLA. (*Rising and following*) Very well.
(*Exit JANE.*)

ARTHUR. (*Quickly. To WILKINS*) The young lady has never seen Mr. Putnam, Wilkins. But the old one's his sister.

WILKINS. I understand, sir.

ELLA. (*Re-appearing*) You coming, Arthur?

ARTHUR. Yes, dear.

WILKINS. Keep 'er 'ere a few minutes, sir. Master might come and send some *word* to the old 'un.

ARTHUR. (*Up L.*) Oh, Ella, have you noticed this boot-box in all the rooms?

ELLA. No.

ARTHUR. (*Displaying box*) Man puts his boots in there at night. The porter takes them by another door in the hall. Man opens this door in the morning—there you are—clean boots.

ELLA. Why, how convenient.

WILKINS. This is a bloomin' fine mess for an Earl to be into. (*Exit door U. R.*)

ARTHUR. And the clock—one in every room in

the hotel, run by electricity, and regulated from the office. (*Touches connecting wire*)

ELLA. Lovely rooms.

ARTHUR. Yes, indeed—fine corner.

ELLA. (*Crossing to window R.*) That's Fifth Avenue.

ARTHUR. (*ARTHUR joining ELLA at window, his arm about her waist*) Running this way, yes. That's 34th street. Oh, there's your uncle now. (*Calls*) That's Mr. Putnam, isn't it, Wilkins? (*Enter WILKINS door up R. C.*) Walking there with the lady.

WILKINS. (*At 2nd window*) That's 'im, sir.

ELLA. Why, he's with Harriet.

ARTHUR. Miss Fordyce, yes.

ELLA. Think of it. (*Going to C.*)

ARTHUR. *I introduced them.*

ELLA. (*Facing him, amazed and amused*) You—you introduced them?

ARTHUR. Yes, I introduced them.

ELLA. (*Going and sitting settee*) Oh, Ha, ha, ha! (*Curls up in laughter on the sofa*)

ARTHUR. What's the matter?

ELLA. (*Trying to control laughter*) Matter? (*She looks at WILKINS, who smiles knowingly and renews her laughter*)

ARTHUR. (*Also looking at WILKINS*) What's the joke, Wilkins?

WILKINS. (*C.*) Ask the lady, sir.

ELLA. How long have you been working for my uncle, Mr. Wilkins?

WILKINS. In 'is service, Miss? Several years.

ELLA. *He introduced Harriet Fordyce to Uncle Montgomery Putnam this morning.* (*Laughs again, rising and going up L.*) Oh, Arthur! (*Exit, laughing*)

ARTHUR. Wilkins, what the devil was all that—(*Indicates sofa*) about?

WILKINS. Well, I suppose the young lady knows them two didn't need much introduction. That's the Earls court, Ferris-wheel young woman, sir——

ARTHUR. (*Disgusted*) Oh, Piffel! (*Comes down R. of table*) Why, that's *why* I introduced them.

(*Enter CARDINGTON L., smiles.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Calls*) Wilkins. (*Sees ARTHUR*) Oh, Arthur! (*Going c.*)

ARTHUR. (*Down R. of c.*) Better shut that door, Wilkins.

(*WILKINS moves towards door, hesitates, looking for CARDINGTON's sanction. CARDINGTON regards WILKINS, WILKINS obeys.*)

CARDINGTON. (*To ARTHUR*) Why?

ARTHUR. Putnam's sister is going to call on you.

CARDINGTON. Oh, she be blowed! Leave the door open, Wilkins. It's—it's all going along beautifully, Arthur. (*Gives hat, stick and gloves to WILKINS, who places hat on mantel-shelf and hangs cane at the edge*)

ARTHUR. Well, I'm glad *you* like it. Four thousand dollars to pay to some lawyers; and an old lady coming, who'll know you're not her brother, the minute she claps eyes on you.

CARDINGTON. (*Easily and proud of himself*) I shan't see *her*, Arthur. (*ARTHUR moves over R.*) Wilkins, take my coat. (*To ARTHUR, while removing his coat*) Excuse me, old chap, won't you? (*ARTHUR moves, going*) Don't run away, but I can't lunch in these garments. Miss Fordyce is coming to lunch with—with us. (*WILKINS lays coat over back of chair, then takes hat and cane from mantel-piece and exit R. U. E. Much pleased with himself*) You must bring your girl. They're

friends, you know—and you—you must chaperone me, don't you see, you jolly old dog, you. (*Both hands on ARTHUR's shoulders*)

ARTHUR. But you're my girl's uncle.

CARDINGTON. (*Annoyed*) Of course I am. I keep forgetting that. Why, that's what *she* said, when she accepted my invitation.

ARTHUR. But see here, if you're so punctilious, you can't pretend to give an uncle's consent to our marriage, why do you expect two young ladies to lunch with you privately?

CARDINGTON. (*Sitting, settee*) I don't. I asked her to fetch her father, dear boy.

ARTHUR. Oh, you did?

CARDINGTON. (*Rising*) Of course, I did. She said, if I didn't mind, *she'd* rather have you and Miss—what's her name?

ARTHUR. Miss Seaford?

CARDINGTON. Yes—said she wouldn't mind coming with my niece; I felt a guilty beggar, but you'd introduced me as the girl's uncle, you know, Arthur. (*At table. Re-enter WILKINS*)

ARTHUR. Yes—but——

CARDINGTON. (*With mail*) Oh, here's a letter in Putnam's handwriting.

WILKINS. So his sister said, sir——

CARDINGTON. (*Opening letter*) His sister?

ARTHUR. Just left here——

(*WILKINS nods.*)

CARDINGTON. Oh! (*Pause*) Excuse my reading it, won't you?

ARTHUR. I should rather advise you to read it. (*Crossing down to armchair L., sits*)

CARDINGTON. (*With envelope, sits*) Boston—been forwarded!

WILKINS. 'Is sister Jane wondered, sir, why you

was writin' to yourself, sir. (*Goes up to door at back R. C.*)

CARDINGTON. (*With letter, smiles*) Oh! (*To ARTHUR*) Yes, it must have perplexed her. (*Reads*) "Dear Cardington: Have changed my mind about Cairo. Shall go to Monte Carlo instead. Since leaving you, it has occurred to me that you had better be in possession of my reason for advising you not to visit New York, though it's rather a sore subject with me. I was married for a short time—three months in fact—" (*Pause. To ARTHUR*) You know, Arthur, I'd never have used his name *at all*, if I'd known that—

ARTHUR. 'Tis a pity, of course, but we must make the best of it now.

CARDINGTON. (*Reads*) "Three months, in fact—" (*Speaks*) You know it isn't as if I'd asked him for his *damned* name. He *offered* it, you know.

ARTHUR. (*Amused*) Well, see what he says.

CARDINGTON. (*Reads*) "Married for a short time—three months, in fact—" (*Speaks*) A—a—and I *pay* for it! (*Glances at letter, looks up thinking*) A thousand dollars. That's two hundred pounds, isn't it?

ARTHUR. Yes, a trifle more, but——

CARDINGTON. *Everything's* devilish expensive over heah. (*Reads*) "Married for a short time." (*Speaks*) You know, I never went in for that sort of—*dissipation* myself and why *Mr. Putnam*——

ARTHUR. (*Indicating letter—half impatient*) He's explaining that.

CARDINGTON. (*Reads*) "Married for a short time—three months, in fact." (*Pause. Speaks*) You know, Arthur, it isn't so much the money, either. But during our walk, Miss Fordyce expressed herself very forcibly about divorced people and I found myself *defending* them.

ARTHUR. But why should you?

CARDINGTON. Exactly, why *should* I? (*Pause*) But you see, that's the Cardington habit of mind. The Cardingtons are always profound thinkers, but not—not—

ARTHUR. Not superficially alert.

CARDINGTON. (*Admiring the phrase*) Exactly! (*Reads*) "Three months in fact. My wife applied for a divorce in New York, and got her decree with a considerable allowance for alimony. She was in London when I last saw her, but I fancy if you should go to New York under my name, her attorneys might annoy you." (*With a world of irony but no smile*) Annoy! Isn't it laughable! (*Regards envelope*) Boston, when did this come, Wilkins? (*Turning to c.*)

WILKINS. (*Coming forward*) This morning, sir. I brought it to you in the dining-room, sir, when you were talking with the Ferris-wheel young lady.

CARDINGTON. You'll call her Miss Fordyce, Wilkins. (*c. below table*)

WILKINS. Yes, sir. (*Exit door back R. c.*)

CARDINGTON. (*To ARTHUR*) Great presence of mind, but no—*no delicacy*.

ARTHUR. Montgomery Putnam's at Monte Carlo, then?

CARDINGTON. So he says. (*Removing necktie, which he lays on table*)

ARTHUR. You promised to cable him, you know.

CARDINGTON. Can't you do that for me, old chap?

ARTHUR. (*Rising*) Yes, if you wish it.

CARDINGTON. That's a good fellow.

ARTHUR. What shall I say? (*Goes to desk R. 2*)

(*Enter WILKINS door R. c., an assortment of scarfs over his arm.*)

CARDINGTON. Why, tell the truth, Arthur, and don't be too modest. Say that I've known you for many years, and you're a devilish good sort.

ARTHUR. Thank you very much. (*Writes on telegraph blank*)

(WILKINS *presents necktie.*)

CARDINGTON. Give me the white one, Wilkins.

(WILKINS *hangs scarfs over back of chair. Selects white one and proceeds to tie it on CARDINGTON's collar.*)

CARDINGTON. I say, Arthur, who was that *old* chap——

ARTHUR. (*At desk—writing*) Which chap?

CARDINGTON. That old chap who said *I'd* got to leave the hotel, because my *wife* is heah?

ARTHUR. I don't know.

CARDINGTON. (*Speaking over WILKIN's head*) My—a—ha—my thousand-pound wife. Sounds like a museum poster.

ARTHUR. His advice was good anyway. I think you should leave the hotel.

CARDINGTON. *Leave the hotel!*—with Miss Fordyce heah? *Rather* not—she's the sole object of my trip to America. And I shall *not* leave the hotel, if only to prevent her and (*Rises*) this Mrs. Putnam coming together. (*Approaching and indicating necktie*) How is that tied, Arthur?

ARTHUR. (*Turning and glancing at tie*) Perfectly!

CARDINGTON. What you deah old boys over heah would call a—a—corkah. Fetch my coat and carnation, Wilkins. (*Exit door R. U. C., removing waistcoat as he goes*)

WILKINS. (*Exit door U. R. C., follows with coat*) Yes, sir.

ARTHUR. (*Calling and writing*) You don't mind my making you say, "My friend Arthur Weatherbee loves your niece?"

CARDINGTON. (*Calling*) Not at all, Arthur.

ARTHUR. Thanks. "I advise your consent to their marriage."

CARDINGTON. (*Heard off*) Say, "May I give your consent?"

ARTHUR. Oh, very good. (*Scratches out and repeats in low tone as he writes*) "May—I—give—your—consent."

CARDINGTON. (*Calling*) Got that, Arthur? (*Re-appears, displaying with much pride colored waistcoat he has just donned*) I say, Arthur, how's that? (*ARTHUR looks up smiling*) Isn't that the—ah—the limit? (*ARTHUR laughs. Exit CARDINGTON R. U. C.*)

(*HARRIET appears L. U.*)

ARTHUR. (*Calling*) Sign "Cardington." (*Turns. Sees HARRIET*)

CARDINGTON. (*Off*) Not at all, Arthur. Sign my initials only.

HARRIET. (*With finger on lips, enters. She carries copy of Evening Telegram*) Come here! (*Beckoning; ARTHUR crosses to her*) Your friend. (*Shows CARDINGTON's picture in the paper*)

ARTHUR. Miss Fordyce, there are diplomatic reasons——

HARRIET. Oh, I won't tell, not even him, and I'll hide the picture. (*Tears picture from paper*)

CARDINGTON. (*Off*) I say, Arthur, you must make haste and fetch my niece to luncheon—my deah niece.

HARRIET. (*Still in undertone*) Why did you persuade him to pretend to be Ella's uncle?

ARTHUR. I?

CARDINGTON. (*Calling*) Well, Arthur——

ARTHUR. Oh, yes, I'm going at once.

HARRIET. (*Retreating*) Not a word. Not a word! (*Exit*)

CARDINGTON. It's time, you know, now. (*Re-enter, in "swell" attire, followed by WILKINS*)

(*ARTHUR goes down L.*)

(*Doorbell is heard.*)

CARDINGTON. Oh!

(*WILKINS crosses L. U. to hall-door. HARRIET re-appears, pauses in doorway.*)

HARRIET. Oh, may I come in?

CARDINGTON. Oh! Waiting for you, my dear lady. (*Going up to meet HARRIET, taking her hand and coming forward with her*) Have you arranged with my niece?

HARRIET. (*Pausing c.*) No, I concluded not to come to luncheon, Mr. Putnam, unless your sister, Jane, comes too.

(*WILKINS, laughing covertly. Exit L.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Disconcerted*) Oh,—Jane—well, really, Miss Fordyce, Jane—Mr. Weathebee knows, don't you, Arthur? (*Coming down R. of table*) Jane's my sister, but the fact is—I'd rather get acquainted with my niece, without her *mother* being present.

HARRIET. Her mother?

ARTHUR. (*Almost ill with it, but trying to help him*) Ella's mother was too ill to come, so her Aunt Jane came instead.

CARDINGTON. Oh—that's it—well, I don't think

I care to have even Aunt Jane with us. (*Crossing to ARTHUR and urging him to go*) See if you can't persuade the—young lady, Arthur. Miss Fordyce and I will wait for you.

(ARTHUR *starts up to hall-door.*)

HARRIET. (*Protesting*) Oh, really——

CARDINGTON. (*To her*) I beg of you— (*To ARTHUR, giving him a covert push*) Go, Arthur.

(ARTHUR *shrugs his shoulders to HARRIET and goes, closing the door after him.*)

HARRIET. (*Pretending dismay*) Why did you do that?

CARDINGTON. (*Fervently*) Because I wanted to have this moment alone with you—if our luncheon must be given over.

HARRIET. But if some one should come, Mr. Putnam, this “moment alone” as you call it, would appear unpardonably indiscreet, to say the least.

CARDINGTON. Indiscreet—what; with Wilkins? (*Calls*) Wilkins!

(*Enter WILKINS L.*)

WILKINS. Yes, sir.

CARDINGTON. Wilkins, I want you to stand at that window and tell me if—*when* it rains.

WILKINS. Yes, sir. (*Takes position at 2nd window*)

CARDINGTON. Now, Miss Fordyce, there can be no—no inclement weather with Wilkins in the cross-trees. At home, Miss Fordyce— (*Both R. C. above settee*)

HARRIET. By “home” you mean, Pawtucket?

CARDINGTON. Did I say home?

HARRIET. Yes.

CARDINGTON. I meant London. Most of my things are there at present.

HARRIET. Oh!

CARDINGTON. And in England, you understand, no gentleman places a lady in a compromising position without being willing to accept the—the——

HARRIET. Why do you hesitate?

CARDINGTON. Well, the word "consequences" has been unfortunately distorted into meaning only *undesirable results*. Ah—if your being here in my—my—apartments should embarrass you, my dear Miss Fordyce, I should be proud and happy to claim the——

HARRIET. The consequences?

CARDINGTON. Let us say *reward*.

HARRIET. Do I understand you correctly? Mr. Putnam? What you are saying sounds very much like— (*Pause*)

CARDINGTON. (*Following*) Like a declaration.

HARRIET. (*Down R.*) Like misguided self-sacrifice.

CARDINGTON. Don't laugh at me, Miss Fordyce, I feel my entire unworthiness of your consideration, yet——

HARRIET. I scarcely know you, Mr. Putnam. Of course I've heard of you from your family, but I find you so different yourself.

CARDINGTON. Does anyone's family ever really know that one?

HARRIET. (*Steadily*) Does one ever really know one's self?

CARDINGTON. Oh! (*Turning away to c.*)

HARRIET. (*Approaching*) Your point of view—about matrimony, as you explained it in the park, seems to have charity for men—alone.

CARDINGTON. Pardon me, I didn't say so. We English (*Quickly seeing his mistake*) and—and—Americans regard the sexes as equals.

HARRIET. (*Front of table c.*) What? if a woman discovered her mistake too late, after marriage, let us say——

CARDINGTON. (*Sentimentally, interrupting*) Why do you fear it would be a mistake, Miss Fordyce?

HARRIET. (*Turning away l.*) You are applying my remarks personally, Mr. Putnam—I said, *a* woman.

CARDINGTON. Oh!

HARRIET. (*Facing him*) Suppose—a woman found herself mistaken—after she was married—what then?

CARDINGTON. (*At c.*) Well,—I think she should ask the *other fellow* to wait until she got a divorce.

HARRIET. I said nothing of another fellow.

CARDINGTON. I beg your pardon. (*Turns up c. around table*)

HARRIET. (*At settee*) Would you accord a woman the right to marry a second time?

CARDINGTON. (*Above table*) Why certainly, unless she were a deceased wife's sister. (HARRIET, *laughing, sits, settee*) Oh, but that doesn't apply, does it?

HARRIET. Would you *marry* such a woman?

CARDINGTON. (*To settee, bending over her*) If I loved her—yes. Some day, Miss Fordyce, I hope to tell you how *love*—that one touchstone love—*love*—regardless of condition—or rank or possession, or any consideration but the affinity—the personality affinity of two people— (*Prolonged ring of door-bell. HARRIET shows some annoyance—rises. WILKINS turns from window*) Now, that's Arthur. (*Aside, petulantly*) I think he might have waited—Mr. Weatherbee——

(WILKINS goes to door.)

HARRIET. (*Retreating R., drawing back*) But it may not be Mr. Weatherbee.

CARDINGTON. (*Sharply*) Careful, Wilkins.

(WILKINS *draws portières, shutting off hallway from view.*)

FORDYCE. (*Outside*) Mr. Montgomery Putnam?

HARRIET. (*In alarm, going up R. of settee*) My father!

WILKINS. 'Is apartment, sir.

FORDYCE. Mr. Putnam in?

WILKINS. No, sir.

CARDINGTON. (*At settee, in undertone to HARRIET*) Let me speak to your father—do.

(HARRIET *shakes her head.*)

FORDYCE. He came into the hotel *fifteen* minutes ago.

WILKINS. 'Ave you looked into the billiard room for him, sir?

FORDYCE. No, but I *will*. (*Door is heard to shut. WILKINS draws portières back*)

WILKINS. 'E's gone, sir. (*WILKINS crosses to position at window*)

CARDINGTON. (*Aside, in annoyed undertone*) Great presence of mind, but no—no *delicacy*. (*Turns to HARRIET*)

HARRIET. I must go, you see. (*Crossing to door up L.*)

CARDINGTON. Do you fancy he was looking for you?

HARRIET. I'm sure of it—you see, someone has told him we were walking together.

CARDINGTON. Why not? (*Interposes*)

HARRIET. (*Coming down R. of table*) Oh, I

came to tell you that your name is in the Telegram first edition, out at noon.

CARDINGTON. My name? (*Coming forward R. of table and joining HARRIET C.*)

HARRIET. Yes, I've brought it to you. Excuse a torn copy. (*Reads paper from which she has torn his picture*) "Foul play suspected, Lord Cardington, a peer of England, missing. Last seen at Southampton with Mr. Montgomery Putnam."

CARDINGTON. Dear me, may I look at that?

HARRIET. Certainly. (*Gives CARDINGTON the paper*) Did you know Lord Cardington very well?

CARDINGTON. (*Looks uneasily at Harriet, moving away a few steps*) Oh, yes. (*Reads*) "Lord Cardington and Mr. Putnam were together several days before Lord Cardington was last seen alive." (*Speaks*) "*Seen alive.*"—sounds rather spooky, doesn't it? (*Reads*) "Mr. Putnam's name was on the cabin list for America. The English authorities think that if found he might throw some light on Lord Cardington's disappearance." Oh!

HARRIET. (*Eagerly*) Can you?

CARDINGTON. Yes. (*Pause*) But I won't—you know—and that's all. Confound these newspaper fellows. (*Impatiently flipping paper with his fingers*)

HARRIET. Where is Lord Cardington? Tell me? (*Laying her hand on his arm*)

CARDINGTON. Why—in—in Monte Carlo, but that's not to be known. (*Tries to take her hand, HARRIET removes it from his arm, moving away a little R.*)

HARRIET. Why not?

CARDINGTON. (*Approaching her*) Well, it seems—so Cardington told me, that there's a trial in the House of Lords. You see, it mentions it heah, Lord Culver's trial—

HARRIET. Yes, I saw that.

CARDINGTON. Well, Cardington—so Cardington told me—knows all about the case. He doesn't want to sit as a jurymen in the matter—it's all so jolly blue, you know.

HARRIET. Blue?

CARDINGTON. That is, it's so—how shall I say—*risqué*—that Cardington doesn't even wish to talk about it, so he *decided* to disappear, you see.

HARRIET. I see—rather than admit anything that would incriminate *himself*.

CARDINGTON. Rather than tell on a fellow he likes. Oh, no, Cardington wasn't mixed up in the affair himself.

HARRIET. So you think?

CARDINGTON. (*Turning away L.*) So I *know*, my dear lady.

HARRIET. (*Following to c.*) How can you *know*, Mr. Putnam?

CARDINGTON. Ah—Cardington told me—you see.

HARRIET. (*Suppressing a smile*) Admitted he was innocent. And is Lord Cardington's word so infallible?

CARDINGTON. (*With dignity*) Well, I rather choose to take it, you see.

HARRIET. Yes, I see; but I asked if Lord Cardington was so completely the soul of honor?

CARDINGTON. (*Stroking moustache*) Quite the average sort, I should think—but—ah—if you'll pardon me, I'm rather keen about having Cardington right in this *particular* matter. It's all so jolly blue, you know, and Cardington doesn't go in for the—the blue sort of thing—ah, I'm sure.

HARRIET. Then this allusion to foul play?

CARDINGTON. Tommy rot!

HARRIET. (*Turning away R.*) I'll tell father so, but I wished you to see the item. When our reporters learn you're in this hotel, you'll be quite

busy, I fancy. New York is more enterprising than—than Pawtucket. (*Going R. of settee and up C.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Worried*) Oh! (*Turns away L.*)

HARRIET. (*Casually*) I shall watch the Washington papers very anxiously to——

CARDINGTON. Washington papers? (*Going to her*)

HARRIET. Yes, we are going to Washington for a week's visit. Papa has no house there; we stop at the hotel.

CARDINGTON. (*Lighting up*) By Jove. (*Tosses newspaper on the table*)

HARRIET. What is it?

CARDINGTON. May I ask the name of the hotel?

HARRIET. The Willard.

CARDINGTON. Ah! (*Musing*)

HARRIET. You think of leaving?

CARDINGTON. Well, Washington's quite worth while itself, isn't it?

HARRIET. Oh, quite.

CARDINGTON. (*Again wooing*) Would you—ah—would you resent the *same* hotel?

HARRIET. No!

CARDINGTON. (*Earnestly*) Thank you.

HARRIET. It worked very well in Paris, didn't it?

CARDINGTON. (*Laughs*) By Jove—you're an angel.

HARRIET. Good-bye till Washington. (*Turning up L. of table and offering hand*)

CARDINGTON. (*Taking her hand*) Oh, don't go—Arthur's sure to come.

HARRIET. I must, I'm dying of hunger——

CARDINGTON. I'm a beast not to know it. (*Going above and L. of HARRIET*) Wilkins, isn't lunch ready?

WILKINS. Not quite, sir. (*Turning from window and crossing towards dining-room*)

HARRIET. Good-bye. (*Starts off*)

CARDINGTON. (*Gently interposing*) Some of it must be. I can see rolls and butter from here.

WILKINS Yes, sir. (*Exit dining-room L.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Taking her hand and leading her down R. above settee*) Now, do have a bit of roll at least. Your first visit to me and we'll break bread together, anyway. I've an Arab's sentiment about that, if you'll allow me.

(*Enter WILKINS with rolls.*)

HARRIET. Well, then, as a matter of sentiment.

CARDINGTON. Yes! (*Taking plate from WILKINS and going to table*) And make haste with the rest of it.

WILKINS. Yes, sir! (*Exit L.*)

CARDINGTON. Ah—open that bottle, Wilkins.

HARRIET. Oh, no, please don't, Mr. Putnam.

CARDINGTON. (*Restrains her with a gesture.*
HARRIET *sits*) By Jove, it's awfully jolly this. Even your saying—ah! “please don't” gives—piquancy to it.

(*Bottle pops in room L.*)

HARRIET. (*Rising*) That's champagne, Mr. Putnam.

CARDINGTON. So it seems.

HARRIET. I prefer water.

CARDINGTON. You shall have water then, but just a sip of the champagne first. (*Enter WILKINS L., with bottle, filling glasses, which he carries on tray. CARDINGTON takes glasses from tray and hands one to HARRIET*)

HARRIET. Your Arab superstitions extend to champagne?

CARDINGTON. (*Handing the wine*) By Jove—you *are*,—you know—you're an angel. (*Taking his own glass*)

HALLWAITER. (*Heard off L.*) That's the reason you can't come in here, I tole you.

(CARDINGTON and WILKINS turn.)

HARRIET. There's a man!

WILKINS. The waiter, sir?

CARDINGTON. (*Easily*) Only the waiter? Never mind.—We touch glasses, don't we?

HARRIET. (*Touching glasses*) Glass is a non-conductor, I believe.

(WILKINS goes behind and puts bottle on table.)

CARDINGTON. My dear lady, when I look into your eyes, I feel that there is a kind of lightning that disregards even non-conductors.

HARRIET. But should it disregard convention?

CARDINGTON. Will it? Convention, you know, means, literally, "coming together."

HARRIET. (*Leaning away*) But not collision.

CARDINGTON. (*In admiration, raising his glass*) Hah! By Jove! you are—you know you are! (*They drink*)

HOOPER. (*Off L.*) Beg pardon, is this Mr. Putnam's room?

(WILKINS goes L. quickly, with hand raised, in token of remonstrance.)

HARRIET. Mr. Hooper!

HALLWAITER. (*Off*) Private room, sir.

HARRIET. (*In dismay*) He sees us! (*Turns up c.* CARDINGTON goes to door of dining-room)

CARDINGTON. (*Calling*) Oh, how are you? (*To HARRIET*) May I introduce you as my fiancée? (*Follows*)

HARRIET. (*Quickly*) That won't help it. Don't give my name, please. Say—say Mrs. Putnam.

CARDINGTON. (*Delighted*) Mrs. Putnam!
(*Suddenly depressed*) But, I fear I should tell
you——

(*Enter HOOPER L.*)

HOOPER. Excuse my walking in, but the door
was open and——

CARDINGTON. Naturally. (CARDINGTON *goes
and takes HOOPER's hand, covertly giving him a re-
sentful look. Turns to HARRIET*) Ah—my—dear,
may I present Mr. Hoopah, of Chicago.

HARRIET. Mr. Hooper. (*Crossing and shaking
hands*)

HOOPER. Glad to meet you, Mrs. Putnam, and
mighty glad, too, that all your little differences ap-
pear to——

CARDINGTON. (*Catching HOOPER by arm and
swinging to L. of table*) Have a glass of wine,
Hoopah! (HARRIET *goes to window, handkerchief
to lips, restraining laughter. CARDINGTON pours
wine for HOOPER, glances furtively around at HAR-
RIET. Apart to HOOPER*) For God's sake, man,
don't come into the bosom of a man's family and—
and drag out the family skeleton.

(HARRIET *peeps around at them.*)

HOOPER. (*Peering around at HARRIET*) Oh—
did I put my foot in it?

CARDINGTON. Of course you did. She's as sen-
sitive as—as a child about it.

HOOPER. Well, then, I congratulate you—
(*Lower tone*) It's a good thing for you—*financi-
ally*, anyway.

CARDINGTON. (*Hands wine to HOOPER, speaks
before releasing glass, low, but firmly*) It's a good
thing *every* way, Hoopah, except as a topic of con-

versation. Leave off! (*Glares at HOOPER, and then looks anxiously at HARRIET. HARRIET composes herself and returns*)

HOOPER. She's bracin' up.

CARDINGTON. (*To HOOPER*) Leave off! (*Then to HARRIET*) My dear, Mr. Hoopah will take a glass of wine with us— (*Hands wine to HARRIET*) and then he's going immediately.

HOOPER. Well—that is——

HARRIET. But why such haste?

HOOPER. (*To CARDINGTON*) Well, you see——

HARRIET. I've heard so much of Mr. Hooper from my friend, Miss Seaford, Mr. Putnam's niece.

HOOPER. They're here, you know.

HARRIET. Yes, I know—Won't you sit down? (*Indicates chair L. as she sits settee*)

HOOPER. Thanks. (*Sits armchair L. Raises glass to HARRIET, drinks, draining glass. CARDINGTON stares at him, stroking moustache, resting hand on back of chair L. of table C.*)

HARRIET. (*To CARDINGTON*) Montgomery! (*Louder*) Montgomery!

CARDINGTON. (*Starting*) Oh—beg pardon.

HARRIET. Mr. Hooper's glass. (*CARDINGTON goes, plucks HOOPER's glass and sets it on table. Stands C. HARRIET is biting lip and looking down. CARDINGTON is dazed*) New York on vacation?

HOOPER. Business, entirely; and well—altogether business. I'd say the question of the will was business.

HARRIET. (*Assenting*) Oh, the Putnam will?

HOOPER. Yes.

HARRIET. You mean about Jane?

HOOPER. (*Addressing CARDINGTON*) Yes. It seems to me your father evidently meant that Jane should have the benefit of your advice, that's all.

CARDINGTON. Very likely, but I can't advise

Jane to-day, Hoopah. You tell her so, like a good fellow.

HOOPER. But, hang it, man, she don't want your advice. Just give me your consent to her marriage.

CARDINGTON. Well, you see, Hoopah, I've known Arthur Weatherbee for some time. Still, when it comes to his marrying Jane— (HOOPER *looks up at* CARDINGTON, *astounded*. HARRIET *laughs, averting face*)

HARRIET. What are you talking about? Mr. Weatherbee doesn't want to marry Jane?

CARDINGTON. Did I say Jane? Of course I meant Jane's daughter.

HOOPER. (*Loudly*) Jane's daughter?

CARDINGTON. Yes, hang it, Jane's daughter. Don't bellow at me like that, Hoopah.

HOOPER. Jane's never been married.

CARDINGTON. (*Approaching and shaking finger at* HOOPER) Now look here, Hooper, don't you come prying into our family affairs.

HARRIET. Mr. Hooper, Mr. Putnam means Sarah's daughter, of course.

CARDINGTON. Well, didn't I say Sarah's daughter?

HOOPER. No, you said *Jane*.

CARDINGTON. Well, I meant Sarah, of course. (*Suddenly brightening*) I've had a telegram from Sarah. Sarah's better. (*To* HARRIET, *sits R. of table, well pleased with himself*)

HOOPER. I suppose you meant Sarah this morning, too, when you said Jane.

CARDINGTON. Of course I did. I rather think I said Sarah this morning.

HOOPER. Well, say what you mean, man. Sarah's out of it. You consented to her marrying Seaford, and you'd never seen Seaford. Now you know me, don't you?

CARDINGTON. (*Pause*) Of course I do. You're Hoopah, the brewah, from Chicago.

HOOPER. Well, there.

CARDINGTON. Then that's all settled, isn't it? (*CARDINGTON, rising*) Let's have this other glass of wine before you go. (*Pouring wine*)

HOOPER. Then you consent to our marriage, do you?

HARRIET. Why not, Montgomery? (*Rising, placing glass on table and going up c.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Troubled, producing memo. book*) Well, I—ah—you know, I'll have to cable a—a—chap in Monte Carlo. I'd rather promised Jane to *him*—and——

HOOPER. (*Rising in a towering rage*) You'd promised Jane—you— (*Bell rings door up L.*)

HARRIET. (*Controlling her laughter*) Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

(*Enter WILKINS L. 2, with bottle.*)

CARDINGTON. See who it is, Wilkins.

HARRIET. Admit no one, Wilkins. (*Crosses R.*)

CARDINGTON. (*After a glance at HARRIET*) Of course not, Wilkins.

WILKINS. (*At door, loudly*) Oh, Mr. Weatherbee, one moment——

ARTHUR. (*Off*) And Miss Ella Seaford, Mr. Putnam's niece.

CARDINGTON. (*In doubt*) Oh!

HARRIET. (*Above HOOPER, trying to draw him away*) Mr. Hooper and I will go into the dining-room.

HOOPER. (*Resisting*) But I want an answer.

CARDINGTON. Now, Hoopah, I won't be annoyed with this damned business any more. You'll take your glass of wine and you'll excuse me for the afternoon.

HOOPER. Damn your wine. You needn't put on

your blasted English airs with me. You were ready enough to take my security for four thousand dollars this morning—and when I want a little favor——

HARRIET. (*Returning and taking his arm*) Mr. Hooper, please go, for my sake. (*HOOPER comes L. and goes. To CARDINGTON*) Good-bye. It was so chivalrous of you to introduce me as Mrs. Putnam—a name to which I have no right.

CARDINGTON. (*Amused*) My dear lady, if I might tell you, you've quite as much right to it as I have. (*Both laugh*) Don't go! Arthur and his girl are here.

HARRIET. I must, and you must—pack up at once—The Willard Hotel.

CARDINGTON. By Jove—you are an angel. (*Bends over her. HARRIET draws back slightly*) On your hand. (*Kisses her hand. HARRIET goes. CARDINGTON comes down c.*) By Jove! She's a girl worth crossing the Atlantic for. What a begger I am to deceive her so. (*Smiles warmly*)

WILKINS. Well, sir.

CARDINGTON. (*Annoyed*) What is it, Wilkins?

WILKINS. Your niece, sir, and Mr. Weatherbee. *She's* never seen her uncle, sir. (*Meaningly*)

CARDINGTON. Ho, ho! Show them in, Wilkins.

(*Enter ELLA door up L., followed by ARTHUR.*)

ELLA. (*Advancing archly*) Do you know me? (*ARTHUR is above her and signaling*)

CARDINGTON. Of course I know you. You're—you're my niece.

ELLA. Well, won't you kiss me?

(*ARTHUR signals CARDINGTON not to kiss her; comes down L.*)

CARDINGTON. Kiss you—ha, ha. Why—why,

what do you think Arthur would say? Ha, ha!

ELLA. (*Turning to ARTHUR*) Well, what do you say?

ARTHUR. (*Grinning*) Well—we—what can I say?

CARDINGTON. Rather got him there, haven't we? (*ELLA laughs merrily—ARTHUR nervously and CARDINGTON inanely*) Now—now I intend to kiss you. (*As ARTHUR signals again*) Hang it, Arthur! I will—even if you were not my niece and Arthur was going to marry you—*don't* look like that, Arthur.

(*ELLA turns to look at ARTHUR, who grins.*)

ELLA. Like what? Shouldn't he smile, Uncle Montgomery?

CARDINGTON. He might *try*, my dear—and I shall kiss her, Arthur. (*To ELLA*) And quite as much, my dear, as an old friend of Arthur's, as for any other reason. (*Seriously*)

ELLA. (*Turns to ARTHUR*) There, isn't that nice? I'll kiss him, just for that. (*Kisses him, with enthusiasm*) You're a sweet old thing. (*Crosses R.*)

CARDINGTON. (*Beaming*) Did you hear that, Arthur? She called me a sweet old thing. (*ARTHUR disgusted. Crossing to ARTHUR*)

ELLA. (*Looking about*) Where's Harriet?

CARDINGTON. Harriet?

ELLA. No pretending, Uncle Montgomery, Arthur said she was here and that we were to lunch with her.

CARDINGTON. Oh—she was here—Harriet—(*Attunes his ear to it*) Harriet was here, but she's gone to pack up.

ELLA. Where's she going?

CARDINGTON. Washington.

ELLA. (*Insinuatingly*) And you, Uncle Montgomery, are you going to Washington, too?

CARDINGTON. I am, indeed.

ELLA. Oh, I'm so glad. (*Embraces him*)

CARDINGTON. Glad—why?

ELLA. For Harriet's sake. (*Lays her head on his breast, ARTHUR uncomfortable. CARDINGTON filled with satisfaction*)

CARDINGTON. Oh! (*Strokes moustache*)

ELLA. (*Looking up*) The same hotel?

CARDINGTON. (*Beaming*) Well, rather! That reminds me—Wilkins—

WILKINS. Yes, sir.

CARDINGTON. Pack up at once, and book me a compartment for Washington. Come, Arthur, we'll have luncheon now. (*Bell rings*) To no one, Wilkins. (*WILKINS opens door*)

SEAFORD. (*Outside*) Mr. Henry Seaford, Cleveland.

ELLA. Oh, dad—come right in, dad.

(*Enter SEAFORD. He comes forward, meeting ELLA and down with her to R. of table.*)

CARDINGTON. (*In panic*) It's all up, Arthur. (*Crossing to ARTHUR*)

ARTHUR. No, he never saw Mr. Putnam—but damn it, keep your hands off the girl.

CARDINGTON. (*His arm over ARTHUR's shoulder*) You did it, my boy—you said I was her uncle.

ELLA. Uncle Montgomery, this is dad.

SEAFORD. Knew Ella was here. Didn't stand on ceremony.

CARDINGTON. How are you. (*They shake*) We're just going to luncheon. You'll join us, won't you?

SEAFORD. Well—

JANE. (*Outside, as she opens door*) Ring, nothing! If Montgomery Putnam—(*Entering, HOOPER follows*) tries to lie like that with Hooper, about me—where is he? (*Looks into bedroom*) Montgomery—Montgomery Putnam! Where is he?

HOOPER. There?

CARDINGTON. (*Down L. C.*) Who's this, Arthur?

ARTHUR. (*Bursting with suppressed laughter*) Jane!

JANE. Where?

HOOPER. Why—there. Are you blind?

JANE. That man?

ELLA. Yes, Auntie. (*Half embraces CARDINGTON*)

JANE. Why, you're not Montgomery Putnam?

CARDINGTON. Pardon me!

JANE. Well, you're not my brother, are you? (*Pause*) What does this mean?

CARDINGTON. Not at all, and you're not my sister Sarah. I told you there was a mistake somewhere, Arthur.

(*A confusion of voices follows, made up of the following speeches in concert.*)

ELLA. But, Arthur, you told me that was Uncle Montgomery, and he kissed me. (*Crosses to ARTHUR*)

JANE. (*To HOOPER*) You should have known Montgomery Putnam; he lived right next door to you in Pawtucket.

HOOPER. But—I put my name on a lawyer's bond for security for four thousand dollars.

SEAFORD. Well, it's only a mistake, and what

of it? We wanted to come to New York anyway.

(During the chatter, HARRIET enters at hall-door, sees the confusion and quickly runs out on tiptoe. As voices subside, JANE turns fiercely to CARDINGTON.)

JANE. Well!

CARDINGTON. (*Pauses and returns JANE's glare*)
I've a jolly good mind to tell you something.

JANE. Well, sir?

CARDINGTON. (*He gets his memo. book*) Oh, I've had a telegram from Sarah. Sarah's better.

QUICK CURTAIN.

(On recall, JANE, HOOPER and ARTHUR stand laughing—CARDINGTON dazed—JANE and HOOPER exeunt, JANE scolding; HOOPER explaining.)

CURTAIN.

(Second recall, SEAFORD takes ELLA out, she looking back, grieved—SEAFORD puzzled.)

CURTAIN.

(Third recall, ARTHUR laughing follows the others out; mockingly waving CARDINGTON from him as CARDINGTON turns for sympathy.)

CURTAIN.

(Fourth recall, CARDINGTON turns to WILKINS, who goes out up R., shaking his head.)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE:—*A corner of the Turkish Coffee Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. Architecture Moorish in style. Walls set obliquely, as in ACT I., from a point off R. C. at 4. One door is in right, and one in left flat at back. A third door is in left at 2. A cosy couch or tent is built up of Persian draperies between the two doors left. A desk is above the couch. Large chairs down right, with tapestry rug-covering, similar chair down left, large ottoman c., tabouret by cosy couch,—color of scene to be deep red and maroon. Hanging lamps, desk lamp shaded red; white light behind closed curtains of entrance L. 2, and U. C.*

DISCOVERED: *HARRIET writing at desk above door L. 2. Enter SENATOR, followed by FORDYCE. SENATOR places hat on chair c. FORDYCE goes down R.*

FORDYCE. She's writing.

SENATOR. To him, you think?

FORDYCE. Yes.

SENATOR. That's the trouble in dealing with these eastern lawyers. I wanted to arrest him on the contempt charge. Duffield thought it was so much better to get the *money* from him.

FORDYCE. Damn the money!

SENATOR. Certainly. If we'd jugged him, there'd been no promenade up the Avenue.

FORDYCE. That doesn't hurt me like her going into his rooms. I tell you, Senator, I used to have little jealous twinges about her mother when she was alive, utterly groundless, you know, but real at the time. Just as every happily married man must have 'em, but say—they didn't knock me like this—this uncertainty about *Harriet*.

(HARRIET puts paper in envelope.)

SENATOR. What's she doing now?

FORDYCE. (*Looking*) Putting it in an envelope.

(WAITER opens curtains at back, also door L. Stage lights come up.)

SENATOR. You know, I think I've been too backward. I haven't really *asked* Harriet to be my wife. I've done a lot of *hinting*, of course.

FORDYCE. Well then, ask her. Duffield's waiting to see me, anyway. She's coming now. I'll leave you together.

SENATOR. (*Losing heart*) Can't be a mistake, can it?

FORDYCE. I can't see how. She's excited, of course. Good counter-irritant anyway.

(HARRIET rises and crosses D. C. SENATOR to L. FORDYCE up R.)

HARRIET. Finished your business? (HARRIET R. C. down)

FORDYCE. (*With a card in his hand to which he refers*) Haven't been to see my man yet, Harriet. You—you cause me so much uneasiness, I don't like to let you out of my sight. (*Comes down C.*)

HARRIET. (*Ironically*) Thank you. (L. of chair R.)

FORDYCE. To whom have you been writing?

HARRIET. (*With note*) Mr. Montgomery Putnam.

FORDYCE. Give me that.

HARRIET. (*Easily*) Your name Montgomery Putnam? (HARRIET smiles)

FORDYCE. What have you written to that man?

HARRIET. (*Reads*) "I hear you are in trouble.

Can I be of any assistance? Father and I leave with Senator Barker in fifteen minutes, but I could persuade them to stay over a train, if you need my help."

FORDYCE *and* SENATOR. Oh!

HARRIET. "Mrs. Montgomery Putnam." (*Finishing letter*)

FORDYCE. You signed *that name*?

HARRIET. Yes, papa, but I put it in quotation marks, see?

FORDYCE. No, I don't see.

HARRIET. (*At chair R.*) Well, quotation marks mean that one is only quoting. They are what the doctor calls antiseptic.

FORDYCE. Well, I ask you not to send it. I don't understand this—this *eccentricity*, Harriet. (*Going*) Senator Barker has something of importance to say to you. I hope you'll give it your serious attention. (*Exit L. C.*)

HARRIET. (*Looking after FORDYCE*) Oh! (*Turns*) Well, Senator?

SENATOR. (*C.*) Harriet— (*Pause*) When you were a little thing of six you used to sit on my knee.

HARRIET. How precocious!

SENATOR. You did—whenever I came to the house; and I'd tell you stories. When you got to be about twelve—you—you quit it—and——

HARRIET. Well, I think most girls "quit it" about twelve.

SENATOR. Yes.

HARRIET. (*Aside*) For awhile.

SENATOR. Pardon!

HARRIET. I'm listening to you, Senator. (*Sitting on arm of chair R.*)

SENATOR. But we were always good friends.

HARRIET. The best of friends, Senator.

SENATOR. And perhaps you don't know it, Har-

riety, but a girl of twelve, fourteen, fifteen—along there—and—and—a man of say forty, thrown constantly together, why she just does that— (*Turns his hand as if wrapping something*) with his heart. Of course a man of forty's got some upper lip and maybe he doesn't give himself away, but nine times out of ten he's hit.

HARRIET. But, my dear Senator—

SENATOR. No—hear me—please. When I heard you were taking up with Putnam you—you didn't see much of the Senator, did you?

HARRIET. No!

SENATOR. Because the Senator purposely kept out of the way. That's why. But, Harriet, no hayseed legislature on earth, could have held me up for two hundred thousand dollars if I hadn't wanted the senatorship to lay at the feet of the little girl that used to sit on my knee.

HARRIET. (*Tenderly*) But, Senator— (*Rising and going to him*) My dear, old, Senator— (*Pause. Extends both hands*) Why do you pain yourself—and me—by telling me this?

SENATOR. I want to get direct—I want to say, in just so many words, will you be my wife?

HARRIET. (*Shaking her head*) I won't do you that injustice. I—I won't rob myself of so good a friend. (*Turns a few steps D. R.*)

SENATOR. Injustice?

HARRIET. My heart would be—elsewhere. (*Business with letter*)

SENATOR. Not—not with this man you're writing to?

HARRIET. (*With note*) Yes—with this man I'm writing to.

SENATOR. (*Breathing heavily in despair*) Ha! (*Turns away and up C.* HARRIET crosses L.)

(*Enter* FORDYCE and DUFFIELD L. C.)

FORDYCE. Well? (SENATOR *shakes his head*)
 Why not? (SENATOR *points to HARRIET'S note*)
 That man? (SENATOR *nods*) Is that the truth,
 Harriet?

HARRIET. Yes, papa.

FORDYCE. And you're going to let him pull the
 wool over your eyes again, are you?

HARRIET. (*Pause—restraining a smile*) Well,
 I shouldn't call it that, and I don't care much for
 "again."

FORDYCE. Well, *I* call it that. He doesn't care
 that—(*Snaps his fingers*) for you. It's his own
 pocket, that's all. Do you know this gentleman?
 (*Indicating DUFFIELD, who comes forward*)

HARRIET. (*Regarding DUFFIELD*) I think I saw
 the gentleman this morning, but—

FORDYCE. (*With check in hand*) This is Mr.
 Duffield of the law firm of Brooks, Fairbank and
 Brooks. (*DUFFIELD bows and turns up, joining*
 SENATOR. HARRIET *annoyed*) He's just handed
 me the firm's check for two hundred dollars; your
 share, after deducting the firm's fee for collection,
 from a thousand cash, and four thousand security
 that they squeezed out of Mr. Montgomery Putnam
 this morning.

HARRIET. (*Hurt and astonished*) What!

FORDYCE. There's the check; and there's the se-
 curity; signed by Silas Hooper!

HARRIET. From Mr. Putnam *here*?

FORDYCE. Yes.

HARRIET. This hotel? Oh!

FORDYCE. Exactly. Tell her, Senator.

SENATOR. (*Fatefully*) My idea was to *arrest*
 him, but—

FORDYCE. (*Unable to be quiet*) But he bor-
 rowed from two or three friends; and went down in
 his jeans for the *cash* in preference.

HARRIET. (*In shame*) Oh! (*Covers her face*)

with her hands) Oh! (*Sits, armchair L. C.*)

FORDYCE. (*To SENATOR*) Tough, yes, but she sees him in his true colors again.

HARRIET. (*Looking up*) Oh—you—idiots. (*Change of mood and hysterical laughter, while men exchange dumfounded glances. After laughter, rising and crossing R.*) I wish that when you gentlemen decide to interfere in *my* affairs, you'd consult *me*.

(*SENATOR goes D. L.*)

FORDYCE. Why, you always refused to *talk* about the alimony.

HARRIET. (*Turning. Seriously, to herself*) Alimony? I wish I could remember everything I said on that walk this morning.

(*Enter ELLA and ARTHUR R.*)

ELLA. Oh, Harriet, dear, I hear you are going away.

HARRIET. Yes.

ELLA. Something awful has happened to us, you know. (*Nods to FORDYCE and SENATOR*) The man we thought was Uncle Montgomery Putnam isn't Uncle Montgomery at all.

FORDYCE. What's that?

ELLA. (*To C.*) No, he's some swindler and he has a confederate who pretends to be a lawyer.

DUFFIELD. What?

ELLA. They got four thousand dollars from Mr. Hooper, and——

FORDYCE. (*With look at DUFFIELD*) Well, see here. (*Looks at check and security in his own hands*) Here, these belong to you, sir.

DUFFIELD. (*Taking them*) But, Mr. Fordyce——

HARRIET. (*To DUFFIELD*) You should divide with the *Senator*, I think. (*Turns up smiling, with glance at ARTHUR*)

ELLA. (*To FORDYCE*) And I saw him and Dad saw him.

FORDYCE. But, Senator——

SENATOR. (*Reassuring FORDYCE*) I met Mr. Duffield myself in Brooks, Fairbank's, office.

(DUFFIELD *pantomimes* "of course.")

ELLA. We were in his room as close as you and I. I—I touched him.

HARRIET. And so did the Senator. (*Goes up R. of armchair, joining ARTHUR C.*)

FORDYCE. I guess you're mistaken, my dear. Harriet certainly knows Montgomery Putnam, if anybody does, and——

ELLA. Why, that's what I thought. Harriet and I both saw him in the breakfast room. Didn't we, Harriet?

HARRIET. Certainly, my dear.

ELLA. But, Aunt Jane—Aunt Jane ought to know too, and she says he's a swindler.

SENATOR. (*Easily*) 'M. Your Aunt Jane "turned him over" pretty thoroughly to me this morning before she met him. Your Aunt Jane, Miss Seaford, strikes me as an old pelican. (*Rises, goes up, joining DUFFIELD. They sit, couch L. ELLA goes up R.*)

HARRIET. Will you excuse Mr. Weatherbee and me a moment? (*Comes down with ARTHUR L. C.—the others converse up-stage C.*) You were there when I went walking with him.

ARTHUR. (*L. C.*) Yes!

HARRIET. What about that—that money?

ARTHUR. (*Laughing*) That goes with the name, you know; Cardington's never been married any more than you and I have.

HARRIET. Oh!

ARTHUR. But, once taking Putnam's name he was in for it, you see.

HARRIET. Didn't you know he'd be "in for it," when you *gave* him the name?

ARTHUR. Why, bless you, Miss Fordyce, I didn't give it to him.

HARRIET. Who did?

ARTHUR. Mr. Putnam himself. Lord Cardington wanted to come to America to—to—pardon me, but to find you, Miss Fordyce, and Mr. Putnam, who isn't known very extensively here, thought it might help Lord Cardington if Cardington used his name.

HARRIET. That's the way it struck *Mr. Putnam*.

ARTHUR. Yes.

HARRIET. Oh!

ARTHUR. Cardington knew nothing of Mr. Putnam's marriage until this morning, I assure you.

HARRIET. (*Watching him closely*) And now?

ARTHUR. (*Smiling*) Well, now, of course, there's the deuce of it. It seems the old hen's here in this hotel.

HARRIET. Who?

ARTHUR. The old hen—Putnam's wife. (*Turns away L., laughing*)

(HARRIET turns up C., covering face.)

FORDYCE. (*Coming down L.*) What is this, Harriet? Miss Seaford says the man *admitted* that he was not Aunt Jane's brother.

HARRIET. He admitted *that*? (*Coming forward C.*)

ELLA. Yes, indeed, to Dad—and me—and everybody. Said, "you're not my sister," to Jane.

HARRIET. (*To ELLA*) Did he admit it *willingly*, or was he— (*Pantomimes "pushed"*)

FORDYCE. *Is it Putnam? (Pause) Answer me, Harriet?*

HARRIET. Not the Putnam *you* mean, papa. Seems to be only a remarkable similarity of name. (*Going L.*)

ELLA. But, Harriet, you—you said "Oh Ella"—like that, the minute he came in the breakfast room this morning.

HARRIET. (*Sitting, ottoman L. c.*) I'd just been telling you about him, my dear, a gentleman whose name I didn't know.

ELLA. The man who——

HARRIET. Extinguished me in Paris when my room was in flames.

FORDYCE. *That man?*

HARRIET. (*Nodding to ARTHUR*) That man—and at that time papa thoughtlessly had no fire insurance on me at all.

FORDYCE. (*With check*) But he paid this alimony. Why should he do that?

ARTHUR. Alimony?

HARRIET. (*Innocently*) Why should he climb out of a Ferris wheel? (*Indicates check*) Simply another gentlemanly attempt to be pleasant to strangers, I suppose.

ARTHUR. (*To HARRIET*) Alimony? Did you say alimony to *you*?

FORDYCE. Certainly, alimony.

(*ARTHUR looks at HARRIET, who looks down in pretended demureness—then to ELLA, who smiles pleadingly.*)

ELLA. That's what I meant about your introducing them.

(*ARTHUR grins in growing appreciation and looks from one to another of the men, who remain calm, then to ELLA and last to HARRIET.*)

ARTHUR. (*Slowly*) Ah— (*Approaches her.*
HARRIET *risés*)

HARRIET. I am the "old hen."

ARTHUR. (*Seriously—apologizing*) But, really, now, I naturally supposed—

HARRIET. You didn't truly know?

ARTHUR. On my word.

HARRIET. And *he*?

ARTHUR. (*Grinning again*) Ha, ha, ha. Not a glimmer. (*Looks about, laughing*) Oh, pardon me! Where's a waiter? (*Crosses c.*) Really, I must order *one bottle*. (*Starts for table*)

HARRIET. No. (*To ARTHUR*) I drank two glasses with your friend upstairs as a matter of sentiment— (*Pantomimes slight effect*).

ARTHUR. But one more—

HARRIET. (*Shaking head—sits armchair L.*) No! (*To all*) Gentleman, and Ella, dear, this *Mr. Putnam* whom we all mistook for your uncle has placed me under so many obligations that I'm very anxious to spare him any annoyance that I can. He must not be told that I am the—the alimony person—you promise? (*To ARTHUR.* ARTHUR *nods and grins with introspective appreciation*)

FORDYCE. Then I'll return these—

HARRIET. (*Rising and intercepting FORDYCE*) Pardon me, papa, Mr. Duffield will return those. (*Takes papers*) And Fordyce, *père* will kindly continue to keep out of the picture. (*Goes to DUFFIELD with papers*)

FORDYCE. (*Pleased—to SENATOR*) That's like our old-time Harriet again, eh, Senator?

(SENATOR *nods solemnly.*)

HARRIET. (*To whom DUFFIELD has spoken*) Mr. Duffield submits that it's rather fortunate, Senator, you *didn't arrest* the gentleman.

FORDYCE. If you had! (*Whistles softly and pantomimes a burnt finger*)

DUFFIELD. I'll telephone our office. (*Exit L.*)

HARRIET. (*To ARTHUR*) We are going to Washington— (*Consults watch. FORDYCE and SENATOR consult watches*) 'M—by a later train, I find. (*Crosses R., affectionately patting FORDYCE's hand as she passes him*) Will you undertake to deliver this note for me? (*Gives note*)

ARTHUR. (*Grinning, as he reads the address*) Well rather!

HARRIET. Now?

ARTHUR. (*To ELLA*) Excuse me a moment? (*ELLA nods—ARTHUR exit R. HARRIET joins ELLA at armchair R. C.*)

FORDYCE. But, my dear, the Washington trip was only to escape this man. If it's not our Putnam we don't—

HARRIET. (*With resignation*) I prefer to go, papa. (*Crosses to ELLA*)

FORDYCE. Very well. (*Consults watch*)

(*Enter SEAFORD door at back R. C. He is excited and carries a paper.*)

SEAFORD. Hello, Fordyce! Seen the papers?

(*HARRIET turns.*)

FORDYCE. What about? Us?

SENATOR. About you? No? An *English Earl*, probably murdered, last seen with *Montgomery Putnam*. Here's the Evening Telegram. (*Gives paper*)

FORDYCE. But that's not *our* Montgomery Putnam, you know.

(*HARRIET attentive, circles round at back to c. during SEAFORD's speech. ELLA at chair D. L.*)

SEAFORD. The deuce it isn't. Jane's recognized a handbag she gave her *brother* in '92. This fellow's carrying it. Probably murdered *both* of them and taken Putnam's name. (HARRIET *up-stage* c.) The English do that sort of thing now and then. Willard—Willard, the actor, did a play in our town about that very thing—"John Neely's Double" or something like that. Why, hang it, I read of a murder trial in *St. Louis* when one Englishman *killed* another one and put the body into a *trunk* and then left the trunk with the hotel for his *board bill*. Yes, *sir*, why, I wouldn't trust one of 'em as far as I could sling a barnyard by the gate. (*Crosses to door* R.)

HARRIET. (*Affecting alarm. Coming down to* FORDYCE) Papa!

(FORDYCE *hands paper ominously to* SENATOR.)

FORDYCE. Harriet met this man in Europe!

SEAFORD. Where? Who introduced him to you? (*At door* R.)

FORDYCE. Well—nobody—wasn't any *introduction*, but——

SEAFORD. *There* you are!

SENATOR. (*Profoundly*) Something should be done.

SEAFORD. Oh, trust *us*, for that, soon as we saw this *paper*. Jane and Hooper are in the telephone box now, talking to Police Headquarters. A porter just took the fellow's luggage from his room—hasn't paid his bill yet. I'm watching the desk.

(HARRIET *in pretended grief, covers face with handkerchief. Sits ottoman* L. C., *suppressing laughter*.)

ELLA. (*Sympathetically, bending over* HARRIET)
Harriet, dear!

FORDYCE. (*L. C. With feeling*) Well, by jiminy, that poor girl has the damndest luck. If there's a no-count shyster within fifty miles you can bet he hooks onto my Harriet.

(*Enter HOOPER and JANE door R. C. back.*)

SEAFORD. Well? (*SEAFORD goes up to meet them*)

HOOPER. Sending their best man, chief says. (*Crosses door L.*)

JANE. (*In great excitement, c.*) Ain't it the hand of Providence? This rogue lands here—and bang—like that—his victim's own sister. You'd say "impossible" if you read it in a novel. And everything dove-tailing so beautifully. I get a dress, innocently thinking for calls or the theater, just in time to go into court. And look you, the man he swindled—Silas Hooper—sister's particular friend—John Calvin's right—everything predestined.

(*HARRIET rises to C. JANE R. C.*)

SEAFORD. (*Nervously*) There he is by the news-stand. (*At door R. C., looking off R.*)

JANE. (*Joining SEAFORD*) That's him. (*Looking off R.*)

ELLA. (*At door down L., and looking back*) That's Arthur speaking to him.

SENATOR. Coming this way. (*Looking over ELLA'S shoulder*)

(*All are in a flutter to hide.*)

HARRIET. Leave me with him!

FORDYCE. No, Harriet.

HARRIET. I—I can detain him. I insist.
(*Others go*) Yes, papa, I insist.

SEAFORD. We can be in calling distance. Judge!

(*Exeunt, all but HARRIET.*)

HARRIET. (*Alone*) Of course he'll forgive me.
(*Pause*) A man who follows a girl across the *Atlantic*— (*Pause*) But *did* he? (*Sighs pleasantly, moving L. a little*)

(*Enter CARDINGTON and ARTHUR door R. CARDINGTON is dressed to travel; overcoat, tweeds, stick and derby.*)

CARDINGTON. (*With note. Meets HARRIET C.*)
Ah—my dear Miss Fordyce. I have your delicious note, which Mr. Weatherbee—

HARRIET. Yes—we've missed our train, I find.
Can't you make haste and get the next one?

CARDINGTON. Well, really—

HARRIET. Or perhaps you had better take a cab and drive to police headquarters. (*Crossing to ARTHUR*)

CARDINGTON. Police?

HARRIET. Yes, the unusual similarity of name, your own and that of the brother of Miss *Jane Putnam*, has induced her to telephone the police.

CARDINGTON. (*Annoyed*) Oh!

HARRIET. (*R. C.*) I want to spare you that annoyance, because I am sure you can explain everything, Mr. Putnam. *I* trust you—you see.

CARDINGTON. (*L. C.*) Thank you. I felt sure you did so when I read the signature you so charmingly quoted here. (*With note*) Such a pleasant reminder of the few minutes I was happy enough to have you—in—my—my—

HARRIET. Your power?

CARDINGTON. (*With feeling*) In my *care*, my dear lady, as I should love to have you always.

HARRIET. And you *will* go at *once*.

CARDINGTON. You remember, I called you "My deah" before Hoopah?

HARRIET. Yes.

CARDINGTON. I wish the whole world might heah.

HARRIET. *Please* go at once.

CARDINGTON. Well—really—I think I'll get *one drink*. I've had no luncheon—and you don't mind— (*Looks about*)

HARRIET. Get your drink on the way, but go.

CARDINGTON. I am sure to see you in Washington to-morrow, but there is some business heah. Mr. Hoopah went on my financial bond in—in a small matter. I think my departure from the hotel would give him some uneasiness at present and I can't do that you see. But I'm sure I can arrange it with Mr. Weatherbee's assistance and then——

HARRIET. But I——

CARDINGTON. I shall feel much more serene, Miss Fordyce, if you are safely on your way.

HARRIET. (*Shaking head*) I—I can't help feeling an indirect responsibility for your present difficulty, Mr. Putnam. (*Crossing L.*) And I shall *not* leave the hotel until you do. (*Sitting, armchair L.*)

CARDINGTON. (*In admiration*) By Jove——

HARRIET. My father is a man of influence and our friend, Senator Barker, is one of the best lawyers in the country. Either will do anything I ask him.

CARDINGTON. (*In fine seriousness*) Your interest is charming—May I say *more*? It is the most graceful compliment I have *ever* had. I am sure there is no trouble.

HARRIET. Then I will leave you. (*Rising*)

CARDINGTON. Good-bye.

HARRIET. (*Offering hand*) *Au revoir.*

CARDINGTON. (*Taking and bending over her hand*) Thank you—*au revoir!*

(*Exit HARRIET door L.*)

CARDINGTON. She didn't *read* you her note, did she, Arthur?

ARTHUR. No!

CARDINGTON. (*Smiling*) Some time, with her permission, I'll show it to you. (*Gets serious, pockets note*) Sit down, Arthur.

ARTHUR. (*At door L., calling*) Waiter!

(*Enter WAITER, door L.*)

ARTHUR. Two gin rickeys.

CARDINGTON. What's that, Arthur?

ARTHUR. A kind of high-ball.

CARDINGTON. Sounds Japanese.

WAITER. Pardon, sir, can't serve anything in this room but coffee.

CARDINGTON. (*Disappointed*) Oh! I've had coffee!

ARTHUR. Serve in the palm-room.

CARDINGTON. A word here first, Arthur, while we're alone.

ARTHUR. (*Sits chair L.*) That bag in your room—really, Putnam's?

CARDINGTON. (*Removing coat, which he places on couch*) Yes. When I agreed to take his name I was lamenting the change of initials on my luggage, and he said "I've a fairly decent bag—with silver letters on it—be *some* help."

ARTHUR. Did Montgomery Putnam know—anything—about— (*Pause*) about the lady?

CARDINGTON. Miss Fordyce?

ARTHUR. Yes.

CARDINGTON. (*Smiling*) Well, I pointed her out to him in London and told him I *was*—rather—don't you know?

ARTHUR. Oh!

CARDINGTON. Amused him very much. (*Sits ottoman, facing ARTHUR*) He said he felt sure I'd win her, if she knew who I was—but you know my idea about *that*, Arthur. Told him I should approach her incognito, so he said, use *his* name.

ARTHUR. 'M.

CARDINGTON. *Remarkable*, isn't it?

ARTHUR. Very!

CARDINGTON. Why, I didn't come into this hotel, until yesterday afternoon and it seems a fortnight at least. (*Rising to c.*) They gave me a very uncomfortable five minutes in my apartments, Hoopah and that *father-in-law* of yours.

ARTHUR. Me, too. But suppose we put ourselves in their places.

CARDINGTON. (*Stroking moustache*) I say, Arthur, did you notice that I stroked my moustache with my left hand during most of the—the interview?

ARTHUR. Yes.

CARDINGTON. Because he *did* lose his temper and to—to come clear from here— (*He holds his hands at his waistline*) with one's guard, you know—

ARTHUR. Quite right.

CARDINGTON. And the—the Cardington eye is very prominent anyway, you notice, and, hang it, Miss Fordyce—ah—I'd cut a sorry figure with a—a—green patch, wouldn't I?

ARTHUR. Quite right—but I think you'd much better stroke your moustache when *Aunt Jane's* 'round.

CARDINGTON. Ah—Aunt Jane! I say, Arthur,

if you do—ah—marry that girl, you'll live in London, won't you? (*Sitting ottoman*)

ARTHUR. I'll try to.

CARDINGTON. (*Consults watch. Sitting ottoman*) Well, now to business, Arthur. The banks are closed, but you'll find me some financier who will not report me to those damn papers and who will—will assume the Hoopah obligation and the——

(*Enter WILKINS with bag, door L.*)

WILKINS. (*Quickly*) Beg pardon, sir.

CARDINGTON. Did you get the brasses, Wilkins?

WILKINS. Yes, sir, but there's a chap hout here breakin' hopen trunks, sir.

CARDINGTON. Trunks?

WILKINS. The luggage.

CARDINGTON. My luggage? (*Rising and crossing to WILKINS*)

WILKINS. Yes, sir.

CARDINGTON. Look heah, Arthür! (*To WILKINS*) *Breaking* them, Wilkins?

WILKINS. With a coal 'ammer hand ha bloomin' wedge, sir.

CARDINGTON. What kind of a person?

WILKINS. Constable chap, sir.

CARDINGTON. (*To ARTHUR*) I say, Arthur, there must be a British consul in the place, isn't there?

ARTHUR. I wouldn't make it an *international* question, my lord.

CARDINGTON. (*Cautioning*) Careful, Arthur.

ARTHUR. That's what I *mean*. If you're ready to abandon your disguise——

CARDINGTON. (*Positively*) But I'm not. Though I think it's more humiliating every minute to be thought one of them.

ARTHUR. Well, you're rather the offender. It's your deception.

CARDINGTON. Thank you, Arthur. *I was* losing my composure. (*Smiles*) Poor beggahs—they don't know they are *foreigners*, do they?

ARTHUR. Of course not.

WILKINS. Any horders, sir?

CARDINGTON. You tell the fellow, whoever he is, that I shall—have him discharged.

WILKINS. Yes, sir. (*Turns away R. toward door*)

CARDINGTON. My *personal* luggage, Arthur. Just think of it. (*Turning away L.*)

(*Enter JANE and CRENNAN R.*)

JANE. That's the man—with the mustache.

CRENNAN. (*Advancing*) Mr. Putnam?

JANE. (*Quickly, as WILKINS is going*) Here, stop this one. There's the *bag* I told you about.

CRENNAN. Wait you!

WILKINS. I'll blooming well give you one in the h'eye.

CRENNAN. (*Severely*) Wait!

CARDINGTON. (*Calmly*) Wait, Wilkins.

CRENNAN. You, Putnam? (c.)

CARDINGTON. (*Regards CRENNAN in amazement and perplexity*) I don't know you, sir.

CRENNAN. Your name Montgomery Putnam?

CARDINGTON. (*Sits, ottoman*) Well, suppose I am.

CRENNAN. Cap'n wants to see you.

CARDINGTON. Captain! What Captain?

CRENNAN. Thirtieth Street.

CARDINGTON. Oh. (*Pause*) What's that, Arthur?

ARTHUR. (*To CRENNAN*) Station, isn't it?

CRENNAN. (*Nodding*) Oh, *he* knows, I guess, all right.

CARDINGTON. Police station? (*ARTHUR nods*) Oh! (*Pause, after a look at CRENNAN*) What would *you* do, Arthur?

CRENNAN. (*Wagging a threatening finger*) Do? Why, he'd go—see! Same as you will, and no hot air to me.

CARDINGTON. (*Disgusted and puzzled too*) Hot air! (*To ARTHUR, after another look*) You know—Dickens—*Charles Dickens* couldn't understand them. (*After a look at CRENNAN*) Most extraordinary!

ARTHUR. You're an officer, of course? (*CRENNAN chews and nods*) You mind showing your authority?

(*CRENNAN shows his badge by turning up his lapel.*)

CARDINGTON. Ask him upon what complaint, Arthur?

CRENNAN. Confidence game.

CARDINGTON. Oh!

CRENNAN. Money under false pretences.

ARTHUR. But that isn't so, officer. There was no money.

CARDING'ON. (*Quickly*) You lent me some, Arthur.

ARTHUR. (*To CARDINGTON*) But I'm not complaining.

CARDINGTON. Brilliant exception too.

ARTHUR. (*To CRENNAN*) Obtained no money.

JANE. (*Crossing up; calls*) Silas, you please see here a moment.

CARDINGTON. (*Rising and looking uneasily from door R. C.*) I say, Arthur, there are *persons* looking in the door. Won't you ask the proprietor if we can't have this room alone? Pay for it.

ARTHUR. Yes. (*Exit L. 2*)

(*Enter HOOPER R. C.*)

JANE. (*Aiding the prosecution*) Silas, did this man get any money from you by pretending he was my brother?

CARDINGTON. Did I, Hoopah?

HOOPER. Security—for four thousand but—

CRENNAN. Security's just the same.

HOOPER. But Mr. Fordyce just returned that.

CARDINGTON. (*Aside*) What a girl she is.

CRENNAN. Complaint goes just the same.

HOOPER. I withdraw it, because—

CRENNAN. 'Cause you want to make it busy for me? Well, I'll take him, see? General suspicion. His trunk is full of linen and things with Cardington's initials and trade mark on 'em, and—

(*WILKINS sets hand-bag on back of chair and approaches belligerently.*)

CARDINGTON. Trade mark—see here, fellow!
(*Coming forward*)

CRENNAN. And suspicion's pointed all along to Montgomery Putnam.

(*Enter SEAFORD L. door.*)

CARDINGTON. Well, you prove, will you, that I *am* Montgomery Putnam?

JANE. (*Signaling off*) I'll prove you pretended to be.

CRENNAN. That's enough. (*Starts to take CARDINGTON*)

WILKINS. You will, (*Strikes CRENNAN*) will you?

(JANE screams. Enter FORDYCE, door L.)

CARDINGTON. Wilkins. (*Faces CRENNAN and strokes moustache with left hand. SEAFORD and HOOPER seize hold of CRENNAN, who tries to draw gun. FORDYCE joins them, remonstrating with CRENNAN in pantomime*)

CRENNAN. Why, I'll do him—resistin' an officer!

SEAFORD. But you don't need a gun. There are ladies present.

WILKINS. H' I'd a jolly good mind to give it to 'im in the luggage room, sir.

(Enter HARRIET and SENATOR L. Same time ELLA and ARTHUR enter R. C. door.)

HARRIET. (*To CRENNAN*) Officer, this is Senator Barker—United States Senator. (*To CARDINGTON*) And a great lawyer.

SENATOR. My friends, let's take things here quietly.

CRENNAN. (*With badge*) That's who I am.

SENATOR. Yes? Well, I'll break you, if you're not careful. (*CRENNAN crosses to extreme L. To CARDINGTON*) At the lady's request I am acting as your attorney.

HARRIET. (*To CARDINGTON*) Forgive me, but—

CARDINGTON. It's a deuced shame to have all this disturbance, Miss Fordyce—

(*By this time, FORDYCE is talking to CRENNAN in pantomime, at door L.*)

CRENNAN. (*Sullenly*) I'm from headquarters all right. I'm to look into this and fetch in a man called Montgomery Putnam.

SENATOR. (*C., smiling*) Does anybody identify

this gentleman as Montgomery Putnam? (*Pause*)
SEAFORD. (*Firmly*) Well, Senator, he told *me* he was.

CARDINGTON. Did I?

ELLA. Yes, you did, and you kissed me and——

HARRIET. (*Quietly*) Oh!

ARTHUR. Pardon me, Ella, he plainly tried to avoid it. *You* kissed him——

CARDINGTON. My dear Arthur—under an impulsive misapprehension, I'm suah.

SENATOR. (*Going up c.*) Neither here nor there. No identifications whatever.

(PAGE BOY *outside* calling "MONTGOMERY PUTNAM"—*pause*. PAGE *enters* L.)

PAGE. Telegram for Montgomery Putnam! (*Pause, as boy crosses—telegram in hand*) Telegram for Montgomery Putnam! (*Pause*) Telegram for Montgomery Putnam. (*Crosses R.*)

CARDINGTON. Boy! (*Pause*) Give that to me.

PAGE. (*Goes to* CARDINGTON) Are you Mr. Montgomery Putnam, sir?

CARDINGTON. For me. (*Opens message*)

(BOY *goes—characters variously exclaim*. SENATOR *shrugs hopelessly to* HARRIET.)

CRENNAN. I got to take 'im, Senator, if we have to call out the reserves to do it. There's an Englishman been killed and this man's suspected. That's all. If you want it, I'll make it murder.

SENATOR. Nonsense.

SEAFORD. (*Excited*) But, Senator, you 'don't understand. Putnam's sister identifies Putnam's own bag in this man's possession.

JANE. (*Indicating bag*) Right there!

SEAFORD. Putnam himself also missing.

SENATOR. (*To CARDINGTON*) It seems to be up to you.

CARDINGTON. Well, then, if you'll allow me a moment's reflection. (*Pause. HARRIET crosses L. to desk*) Wilkins, my bag. (*WILKINS hands bag*)

JANE. (*Greatly agitated*) See—see! (*Points to bag*)

SENATOR. We're not blind, madame.

JANE. Not physically—no!

CARDINGTON. (*At chair R., taking letter from bag*) Now here's a lettah addressed to me in—

JANE. (*Vehemently*) That's my brother's *handwriting*, his own *signature* in fact. It's addressed to himself.

CARDINGTON. Thank you— (*To SENATOR*) As my attorney— (*Pause*)

SENATOR. Certainly.

CARDINGTON. And in the confidence of an attorney. (*SENATOR bows*) Will you read Mr. Putnam's letter aloud? (*HARRIET sits ottoman*) And also kindly *omit* the name by which he addresses me. (*Hands letter*)

SENATOR. (*Reading*) "My dear—

CARDINGTON. (*Quickly*) Omitting that—

SENATOR. (*Smiling*) Surely! (*Reading*) "So and so. Have changed my mind about Cairo. Shall go to Monte Carlo instead. Since leaving you it has occurred to me that you had better be in possession of my reasons for advising you not to visit New York, though it's rather a sore subject with me. I was married for a short time, three months in fact—" (*Turns leaf of letter*)

CARDINGTON. (*To HARRIET. I hadn't received that letter when we were walking—really. (HARRIET nods)*)

SENATOR. (*Reading*) "My wife applied for a divorce in New York and got her decree with a considerable allowance for alimony. She was in

London when I last saw her, but I fancy if you should go to New York under my name——”

CARDINGTON. Please note that—“*Under my name.*”

SENATOR. (*Reading*) “Her attorneys might annoy you.”

CARDINGTON. (*Remembering the alimony*) Ha! Annoy!

SENATOR. “Sincerely yours, Montgomery Putnam.”

CARDINGTON. There!

SENATOR. An absolute permission. Perfect.

JANE. Where is my brother now?

CARDINGTON. Monte Carlo. This cablegram is from *him*.

ARTHUR. (*Eagerly*) An answer? (*Coming forward with ELLA*)

CARDINGTON. (*To SENATOR*) Yes. Will you read it? (*SENATOR nods*)

SENATOR. (*Reads*) “I must decline consent to my niece’s marriage. Money is rightly mine as I released equal sum to her mother, although she married against my advice.”

(*ELLA puts face on SEAFORD’s shoulder.*)

SEAFORD. That’s true, Sarah did.

CARDINGTON. (*Prompted by the name*) Oh, Sarah—I’ve had a telegram from Sarah. Sarah’s better. She says: (*Reads*) “Tell Ella and Jane not to worry.” (*Sees ELLA*) Oh, and that’s Ella. (*HARRIET rises and crosses R.*) How much is this money in question? (*To ARTHUR*)

SEAFORD. Only twenty thousand dollars, but——

CARDINGTON. I shall have great pleasure, Arthur, in making you a wedding present of that amount—you and Miss Ella. She called me a “sweet old thing.” (*As he crosses over to them L.*)

SENATOR. (*Easily*) Putnam family satisfied?

JANE. I'm not. Dragged on here from Cleveland—

CARDINGTON. I'm sure I shall be very happy to cable for Hoopah, too, I must say his ready assistance this morning—

CRENNAN. That don't explain my end of it. This dead man's things in your trunk.

CARDINGTON. I'll explain that, too, if I may have a word with Miss Fordyce and her father alone. (*Characters turn to go*) You may keep me in sight, officer. Ah, one moment—before the witnesses disperse; Wilkins!

WILKINS. Yes, sir.

CARDINGTON. This officer was doing what he conceived to be his duty—obeying orders. The British Empire, Wilkins, is built upon that spirit. To strike him was a fine expression of loyalty to me, but distinctly unfair to him. You must beg his pardon, Wilkins.

WILKINS. Pardon, officer.

CRENNAN. I'll see you later, all right. (*Exit L. 1*)

CARDINGTON. (*Pause—CARDINGTON strokes moustache with left hand*) Never mind, Wilkins. You've done your part. And now, if you'll excuse me—(*To OMNES. All but FORDYCE and HARRIET start off*) Oh, I'll ask Arthur and Senator Barker to remain. (*Exeunt all the others*) Ah—Mr. Fordyce. On three occasions I have met your daughter, ah—informally—ah—I admired her very much indeed. My principal object in coming to America, believe me, was to meet her again. (*HARRIET sits on arm of chair R.*) I—I—really love her. All that I am—(*Pause*) you see—(*Pause*) my only friend in America is Mr. Weatherbee here. I understand that you Americans care very little for family and that sort of thing, so that I now ask

if I can assure you of—my—respectability and—and— (To SENATOR) there's a legal word for substance——

SENATOR. (*Prompting*) Solvency?

CARDINGTON. (*Exactly. To FORDYCE*) That I may, then, *formally* approach Miss Fordyce, which to be perfectly frank with you, I have already done—at—ah, *irregular* oppohtunities.

FORDYCE. That's a matter entirely in my daughter's hands.

CARDINGTON. Thank you. (*Turns to HARRIET*) Then, my dear Miss Fordyce—if I can convince *you* that I'm not a bad sort—really—ah—*will* you?

HARRIET. I think we should start *evenly*.

CARDINGTON. Ah, that is——

HARRIET. Without deception. I've known all along that you were *not* Montgomery Putnam.

CARDINGTON. But you forgive that?

HARRIET. Easily. In fact, *being* Montgomery Putnam would have been the only thing I could *not* have forgiven.

CARDINGTON. Really?

HARRIET. Yes; and I must ask you to forgive *me* an equal—masquerade on my side. I am not Miss Fordyce.

CARDINGTON. Not Miss Fordyce?

HARRIET. No—I am Mrs. Montgomery Putnam.

CARDINGTON. Oh—Oh— (*Brightens*) You mean, your charming note to me? (*Getting the note*)

HARRIET. That note has my proper signature. I, too, was “married for a short time—three months, in fact,” and it’s “rather a sore subject with me.” They were my attorneys who annoyed you this morning—but *I* didn’t know *that* when we were walking.

CARDINGTON. Mrs. Montgomery Putnam—! (*Looks about*) Oh—and—I pointed you out to

Mr. Putnam in London. He—he *knew* I was coming to—to see you. Oh——

HARRIET. He has that—*gentle* side.

CARDINGTON. Do you suppose that was *American humor*?

HARRIET. If any kind.

CARDINGTON. Oh, well, Miss Fordyce, you *really* must believe me. I had no intention whatever to embarrass you. *Tell me you do believe me?*

HARRIET. I do believe you.

CARDINGTON. And I have your *confidence*?

HARRIET. What do you think? I've told you my real name.

CARDINGTON. And *my* name, Mr. Fordyce—and Senator Barker,—is George Wilberforce Featherstone Godney, Earl of Cardington.

(HARRIET *turns down R.*)

FORDYCE. The Earl of Cardington?

CARDINGTON. Which at present must be a secret for diplomatic reasons. This paper recounts my disappearance. Excuse a torn copy. (*Produces the Evening Telegram*)

HARRIET. (*Produces the missing part of it*) Here is the rest of it.

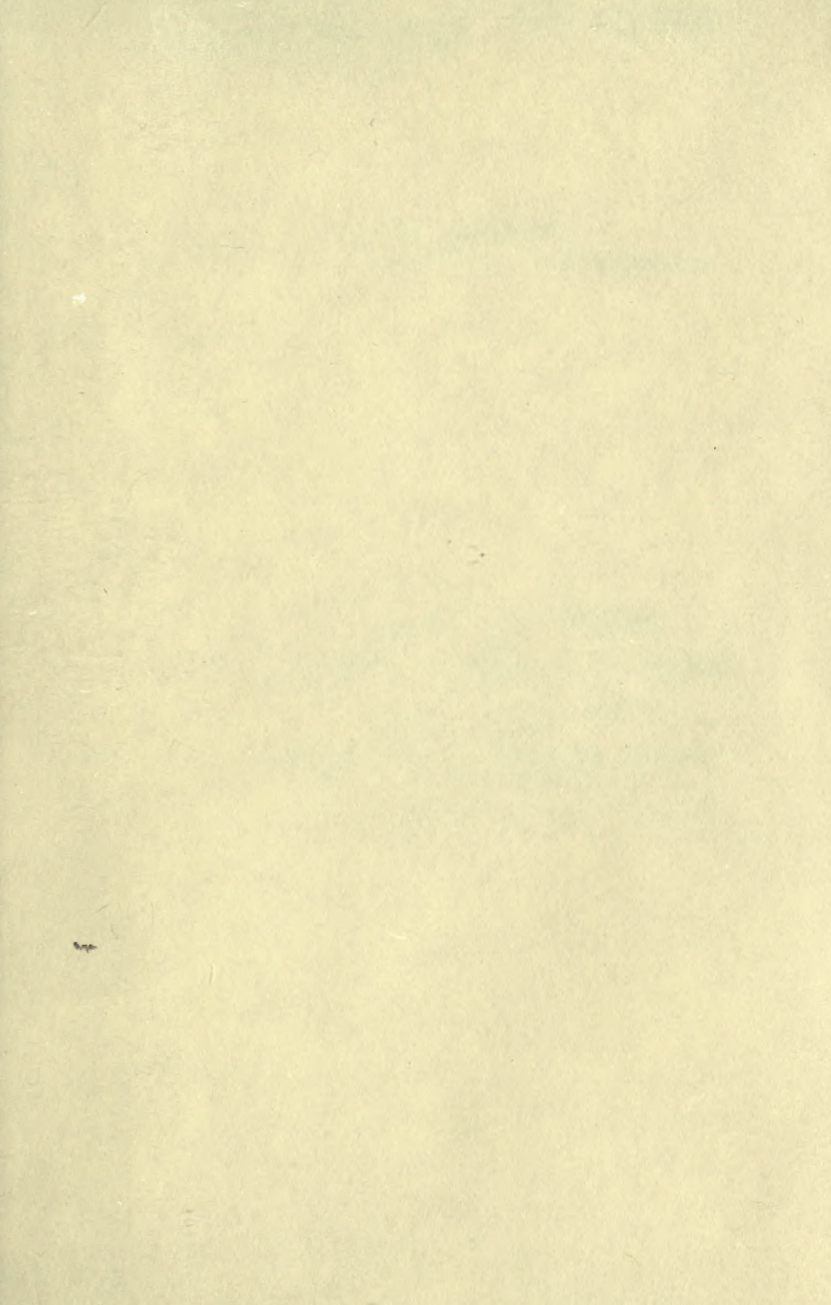
CARDINGTON. With my *picture*. Oh—then—you *knew*?

HARRIET. When I gave you the *paper*, not when we were *walking*.

CARDINGTON. (*Satisfied and happy*) Miss Fordyce; this ring bears the Cardington arms. Will you wear it? (*He holds ring.* HARRIET *slowly extends her finger.* CARDINGTON *puts the ring on her finger. Kisses her hand*)

CURTAIN.

6



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